From Gods to Men.

The gods are dead—have you not known it, men?
It is their ghosts you see—the ghosts of gods,
Evoked from spent and dying altar-fires
To once again the man melt from your soul;
Evoked, by powers that on the darkness wait,
To lead you to the shrines of deeper night,
To shrines of ancient and rechartered fears,
And hold your eyes from that horizon where
The comrade-day dawns on the waking world;
Evoked to strike with death or nerveless doubt
The faith which labor cradles in its soul,
And thus to save your masters from the hour—
The good and dreadful hour—when labor lifts
Its judgment-arm at last to claim its own,
And call the world from masters unto life.

See you not, men, who trumpet forth these gods?
They are the slaves who please your masters best—
The shining slaves who in the temples serve.
Slaves? Nay, too sacred is the word that tells
The hurt and shame of our humanity!
Not slaves, but something less than slaves, are these
Who call themselves the shepherds of your souls,
Who speak sepulchral words about your sins,
Then kneel to kiss the hands of honored crime
That measure out what gospel they shall preach;
And when your masters' law for vengeance calls,
Hear the priests raise the blood-cry of the mob!
And see them crawl at iron feet that tread
The great world-mill of economic might,
Grinding your bartered lives to sovereign wealth!

Be not deceived that they come in the name—
Which by their wearing they blaspheme and cheat—
Of the sweet labor-son of Galilee.
No part had he in them, nor in the old
Black magic of salvation on their lips,
Nor in the splendid robber-temples built
By masters—grown prophetic through their fears—
To clothe the gods called from forgotten tombs.
His strong salvation was the mighty health
That comes from love of comrades, and his faith
The endlessly unrolling common life.
Out into the great world he went, to be
The matchless foe of masters and their gods,
The warrior-lover of the downmost man,
The angry and majestic judge of priests,
The friend of wayside children and the flowers.

See you not how the wild-rose weeps unkissed,
While child-lips wither in the factory smoke?
How tears of violet and nut-tree flow,
How the brook grieves away to songless death,
For the lost dance of child-eyes bound to wheels?
See you not the sorrow of guarded fields,
Their breasts blighted by the gambler's hold,
While they yearn for the mouths of men who starve?
See you not how the wasted face of earth
Is by the touch of masters torn and scarred—

Shamed with the loss of glory turned to gold,
Sick with vast deserts of unblossomed lives,
Her mighty beauty ravished by the wealth
That eats her children's flesh and drinks their blood?
See you not how through ruin the masters rule,
While you kneel to pray to the masters' gods?

O men, get off your knees, stand on your feet!
So long as you kneel there to gods unknown,
So long will masters known bind on your necks
The yokes that are your torment and their power.
As long as you still parley with the fears
That bend your abject knees, and pray to gods
To do the deeds which only men can do,
So long will masters traffic in your lives,
And on your labor-slavery raise their thrones.
It was for that the masters made the gods—
To keep you harnessed and submissive bent,
While on your backs they build and build their world;
The world whose roots are you its labor-slaves,
Its valued good and glory but the bloom
And anguish of your labor-curse; the world
That would to red dust fall—if you should rise.

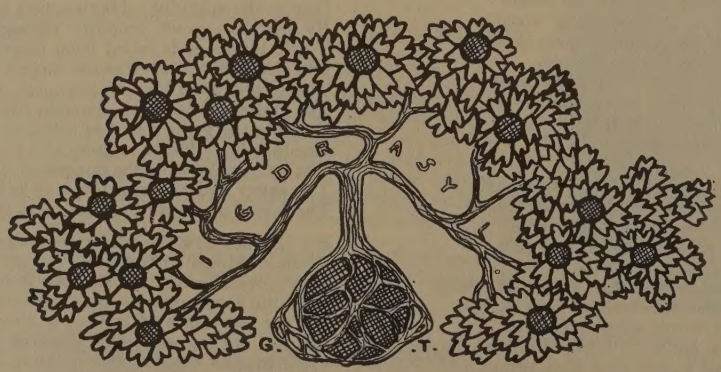
It is not faith that turns you to the gods—
Not faith, but lack of faith; their temples stand
As witnesses that faith has not yet come.
It is not faith that takes you to the shrines,
At which you bow in posture of the slave;
You bow but to the fears that bind your soul,
That keep the man in you from being born,
That stay the comrade-future of our world.

When you are pure from fear, and turn to life
With that free look for which the cosmos waits,
No room for gods nor temples will you see,
Nor for the masters who their makers are,
Nor for the monstrous days of loneliness,
Nor for the ancient cryings after heaven;
But, in the heat and dust of common work,
You will behold a faith which you may serve
To higher ends than ever faith was served,
And with a gladness braver than the hosts
Of bannered and victorious war. It is
The faith of labor in itself as lord,
As law of growth and beauty on the earth,
Rising to be the hailed messiah-light
To lead the nations to their comrade-home.

The faith of labor is a young child yet;
But it will grow—this last-born of the faiths.
It is a world-child, rocked by all the hands
That ever struck at lies or human chains,
Or wrought the perfect good of liberty.
It will grow fair and noble in your eyes;
It will grow golden with your common hope;
It will grow bold to ask the masters why;
It will grow wise to read the mighty signs
That say:—Make straight the revolution's path!
It will grow in the strong and lovely grace
That shines from out the sad face of the earth
When troubled nations dream of some lost home,
Where masters did not dwell, but only men;
It will grow in the stature of this grace
Till glory of its summons comes to you,
Like some archangel-signal in the sky,
To join the march—the joyful comrade-march—
Of risen collective peoples on the way
To cleanse the world from masters and their kind.

O, when the faith of labor wakes to power
That shall the mighty labor-patience match,
Then under the red thrones of sovereign wealth
This evil world of masters will dissolve,
And all the works which are the waste of men.
Then we, turned from the fear of things that were,
Will this faith follow to the things to be.
Instead of our unblossomed lives will grow
Full-blossomed children of a blossomed race;
And in the place of long-created gods
Will rise the good world of creator-man,
At rest in love's heroic commonwealth—
Too beautiful and terrible a world
For masters more to live in; only friends,
Companion-workers and the will to love
Dwelling beneath the glad and comrade stars.

George D. Herron



THE COMRADE

Forty Years.

A Legend of Little Russia.

By LEO TOLSTOY.*

I.

In the closing years of the last century the large village of Mandreeki was owned by a retired lieutenant of the guards, named Motilin, who resided there with his wife.

His serfs lived well. At that time the landowners of the Steppe did not, as a rule, grind down their serfs, and the Motilins in particular were not at all exacting or greedy of gain. They demanded no husbandry service, except a fortnight's mowing at hay-making time. The land was let to the peasant at a quit rent, and this rent was not a high one.

The wealthiest peasant in Mandreeki was Dennis Savelievitch Shpack. His house consisted of two huts, the front one being used as a sitting room, while the other, adjoining it, served for the living room.

The sitting room was ornamentally furnished: in one corner stood a row of *icons*, in front of which were two small lamps and half-a-dozen wax candles. Pictures, suspended by small nails, hung on the walls; the windows were made to open; a green glazed stove stood in one corner, and a table made of linden wood was placed in another. On a bench lay several strongly bound books. The other hut served as work room as well as living room. Besides this, Shpack had a store house, a shed for cattle, and a pent-house, beneath which stood a plow, a cart, and a sledge. He employed two workers, a man and a woman, as his whole family consisted of one much-loved and petted daughter.

Shpack had formerly been a carrier, and by this occupation had succeeded in making a nice little fortune. When, owing to advancing years, he retired from business, he chanced to get into the good graces of the squire, who lent him money. With this money he bought a quantity of seed-corn, which he sold, two years later, when the price of corn had risen in consequence of a bad harvest, at six times its original price. Thus Shpack increased in wealth and his neighbors began to envy him. In the village he was not popular; he was harsh, had a somewhat scowling expression, and avoided all amusements; he did not frequent the inn, and neither attended nor gave entertainments; he neither sang nor jested, but was given, at times, to making fun of people and to displaying his own erudition. He could not be called a miser, but no one regarded him as generous; he was not bad, but no one found him kindhearted.

"He is a hard man, who knows how to feather his own nest!" said all who knew him. Having laid by some money, Shpack began to fear lest he should be robbed, so he asked the squire to take charge of 7,000 roubles in paper money. Motilin agreed, and gave him a receipt written with his own hand. At the same time, in accordance with Shpack's desire, he entered in his will a request that his son should emancipate Shpack's daughter, and also her future husband, if he happened to be a serf belonging to the village of Mandreeki. Shpack did not ask emancipation for himself.

Years passed away. The old squire and his wife died, and their place was taken by their young son. Shpack's daughter became a bride, being then in her eighteenth year. She was a tall fair-haired girl, with rather a short nose (considered a beauty among the Oukranians). She dressed richly, in bright colors: a green bodice covered with tassels, yellow apron, a check skirt, and tiny red boots. On her head she wore a parti-colored kerchief arranged as a kind of fillet, from beneath which several tresses interwoven with ribbons of various colors, escaped and fell down her back. Her neck and ears were adorned with coral ornaments, her breast with little silver crosses and hearts, while her fingers seemed literally chained with gold rings. Her gait and every movement of her body revealed the fact that Vassa knew she was the daughter of a wealthy peasant. All the villagers found her proud and unapproachable; they even said that she was not good, and no one suspected that love had already taken root in her proud heart.

Shpack had a workman, Trokhim Yashnik by name, who was an orphan. He could not remember either of his parents, and had been brought up by an aunt, a soldier's wife, who was very poor. The aunt was of a grumbling disposition, and was always whimpering about her misfortunes, nor was this altogether without cause. Land she had none; within the yard, surrounded by its dilapidated fence, stood her hut; close by was a cellar in which, however, nothing was stored, because she had nothing to store. Behind the yard was a small orchard, where only onions, potatoes, and sunflowers grew. She had no money to buy bread, so she went from house to house begging "in the name of Christ," receiving here a bit of bread, there a pinch of salt. If by chance a bit of bacon fell into her hands, then, indeed, it was a feast day with her: there was a fire in the oven, and dumplings were boiled for dinner. Trokhim also went begging with a sack over his shoulder. Bread and water was his usual food. The flavor of milk he did not know, and eggs and meat he tasted only occasionally, perhaps at Easter time, when some one would give him in Christ's name a coloured Easter egg or a bit of consecrated pork. When he was thirteen years of age, the Commune employed him to drive the pigs to pasture, for which he received three roubles a year. In addition to this, in going round twice a year—spring and autumn—to the farmyards, he received presents from the owners of the pigs. He wore a shirt covered with patches, and a worn out blouse; for the rest, a peasant, taking pity on him, presented him with an old sheepskin coat belonging to his son who had been born on the same day as Trokhim. For nearly five years Trokhim served as pig driver, during which time he grew up such a handsome fellow that all the village girls delighted to look at him.

One day Shpack met the young fellow as he was driving the pigs home from the fields, and he thought to himself "What a fine fellow! He ought to get other work; the pigs might be pastured by some one else not so good!" So he engaged Trokhim to work for him.

Shpack was a harsh man and often grumbled at Trokhim, reproaching him now with laziness, now with disobedience, although the lad was neither lazy nor disobedient, and inwardly Shpack himself was satisfied with him; but he considered it necessary by such means to keep his workman in strict discipline, in order that he might not become conceited, nor forget for one moment the difference between himself and his master. However, he fed and clothed him, and after the life Trokhim had spent with his aunt, life at Shpack's seemed very good.

Vassa did not regard the poor laborer in the same way her father did. The stateliness and beauty of the young man made her heart beat faster. Trokhim, who was by nature shrewd and sensible, would never have dared to speak of love to his master's daughter. But the young girl forestalled

*) This story is based upon a well-known legend of Little Russia, popularized by Nicolas Kostamaroff, a Russian historian of repute. The translation is by THE FREE AGE PRESS. Christchurch, England.

him and confessed that she loved him. And Trokhim yielded himself to her with all his heart. Vassa hoped that her father who was passionately fond of her would consent to give her to Trokhim if she only asked and besought the old man in the right way. But a feeling of shame long made her hesitate to speak to him of her love. At last a neighbor of Shpack's came one day to see him, and when the visitor was gone, the old man said to his daughter:

"Pavlo Drizhak came just now and said to me: 'Suppose we were to unite our children: you have a daughter and I have a son.' I replied, 'It is not you who will have to live with my daughter, it is your son; it is not I who will have to live with your son, it is my daughter. I will ask her and it shall be as she says. If she wishes to marry your son then you can send matchmakers; but if she says that he is not according to her heart's desire, then you must not be offended.'"

"I will not marry Drizhitchenko, I do not love him," said Vassa decidedly.

"You don't love him?" said Shpack, "Then there is nothing more to say about it. I will tell Drizhak so. I will not force my daughter, nor will I hinder her. She shall marry whoever she pleases."

"So, you will not hinder your daughter marrying the man she likes, father?" asked Vassa.

"God forbid! It would be a great sin," exclaimed Shpack.

"And if," said Vassa, "I should want to marry a poor man without any relations?"

"H'm! How could that be, that you should want to marry a poor man without any relations? How is it possible that a poor fellow without relations should dare to approach you? I know you, my dear daughter, there is no father's son in our village that would come near you without fear, to say nothing of a poor fellow with no relations. You take after your father!" So answered Shpack.

"Father!" said Vassa timidly; "I love our laborer Trokhim with all my heart, and I do not wish to marry anyone else."

"My dear daughter, why do you jest and tease your father? Don't say that again. He might overhear us and take into his head goodness knows what!"

"No father, I am not teasing you; I am speaking the truth. I love Trokhim; give me to him; I will not marry anyone else," said the young girl resolutely.

Shpack, who had been sitting on the bench with a stick in his hand up to that time, started up and began walking up and down the room; then he stopped and struck the floor impatiently with his stick.

Vassa stood near the oven silently awaiting her fate. The father's eyes flashed with anger. He seemed as if preparing to say something, but restrained himself. After standing for some time, he recommenced pacing up and down the room; then he sat down again on the bench and began to draw on the floor with the end of his stick. Vassa watched him in silence. At last Shpack, making an effort to appear calm, continued:

"Well, as I have said, so it shall be. I said you should marry whoever you liked. And again I say: I will not force you, daughter dear, only I will not give you to Trokhim yet; but, if God grant, I will give you later on. Let your Trokhim get himself a warm coat made of gentlemen's blue cloth, and let him come to me with matchmakers, in his own cart, with his own horse. Then I will give you to him. But until that time let him not even try—I will drive him from the house—don't let him come poking his nose here!"

"This is a puzzle!" said Vassa. "In words you are so good, father, but when it comes to deeds, then I see you are just like other fathers, or perhaps even worse."

"You need not teach me," said Shpack in an angry voice; "the eggs don't teach the hen. You are mine, and would have to marry whoever I liked. You dare not marry against my wish."

"Well, and what if I am yours," said Vassa warmly, "Can you eat me up just because I am yours? Oh, father, father, I will not marry against your will—and how could I? The priest would not marry us without your consent. But I tell you this, father: I will not marry anyone but Trokhim. And if you will not give me to him, then you are blighting your daughter's life."

"Get away! Don't provoke me," cried Shpack: I will give you to Trokhim only when he comes to me in a blue cloth coat, in his own cart, with his own horse. I have told you that already; what else do you want? My word is my word, if you love and respect your father, you will wait; if you don't love and respect him—go wherever you like with your Trokhim. Go and live at his aunt's, the pauper soldier's widow, Orina."

And as he said this, Shpack struck the floor with his stick.

Vassa burst into tears and left the sitting room. Soon after her father also went out. He passed her by, as though not noticing her tears. In the yard, he met Trokhim, who was carrying into the work room some chips of wood he had been splitting.

"Trokhim," said the master, "come to me in the sitting room at once." With these words Shpack turned round and re-entered the sitting room, again passing the weeping Vassa as if he did not notice her.

Having finished his work with the wood, Trokhim, in obedience to his master's call, made his way to the sitting room, but meeting Vassa in the passage, he stopped to ask what she was crying about. Suddenly Shpack thrust his head out of the sitting room door and said harshly:

"Trokhim, come here!"

Trokhim went in, and Shpack continued: "You don't suit me. There you are, that's your wages for two years and a month. Take it, and leave my house."

"Where shall I go?" began Trokhim, "I have neither kith nor kin."

"Well, what do you expect? Must I keep people without kith or kin?" said Shpack. "Go into the army if you have no family and no relations. Such as you are wanted there."

"I don't want to be a soldier," replied Trokhim.

"Then go in some trade, or start a business. You will get on there and grow rich; then you can buy yourself a horse, get a blue overcoat made of gentlemen's cloth, and then when you have dressed yourself decently you can come back. You will be respected then, and I will receive you as my future son-in-law; as it is you have thought of it too soon. I see you know what's good!" Thus said the master.

"How can I start in business?" asked Trokhim. "Who will give me the capital?"

"I don't know," said Shpack. "That's your business, not mine."

Trokhim would have said more, but his master interrupted him:

"Go now, there's nothing to talk about; when you come in a blue coat, on your own horse, then we will talk. But now what can I have to say to a man dressed in coarse gray cloth? Get away with you."

Trokhim went out. Vassa was standing in the passage behind the door and had heard everything. She threw herself on Trokhim's neck, but the stern father, looking through the door, cried harshly:

"Vassa, come here! Come at once! Obey your father!" Vassa obeyed. She went into the room, exclaiming in a distressed voice:

"Why do you torture us, father?"

"Who do you mean by us," asked Shpack, with an angry, bitter smile, "you and who else?"

"My bridegroom!" replied his daughter firmly.

"And who," asked the father, "has deigned to declare you bride and bridegroom? A couple are only called bride and bridegroom when their parents have given their blessing. And you—which parents have blessed you? I told you, and I have also told Trokhim, when he gets on and becomes rich, and buys himself a blue coat and a horse, and comes to me

with matchmakers—well, then you will be bride and bridegroom."

II.

Tying his two shirts and his coat in a bundle, Trokhim returned to his pauper aunt. On learning what had happened to her nephew, first she began to curse Shpack and his daughter, then she started reproaching and scolding her nephew for not remaining at the house of his well-to-do master, and finally she recommenced her usual lamentations over her own poverty and heplessness.

When he had heard enough of his aunt's wailing, Trokhim left the hut, not knowing what to do with himself or where to go. He began to wander about outside the fence of the Manor house, near the two blacksmiths' shops, which stood on the steep river bank, above the growing bulrushes. The sunlight was playing on the water and on the windows of the Manor-house. The sight of the water suggested an idea to Trokhim's mind. "I'll go and drown myself," he thought. "Why should I live here? Happiness has not fallen to my lot, and apparently it never will. I am quite young, and shall still have much hardship to endure. Better settle the matter at once than go on suffering." Yielding to the thought, he went down to the river with the intention of drowning himself. Suddenly, however, some one grasped him from behind by the shoulder. Turning round, Trokhim saw a short, stout man, dressed in a light grey winter coat, girt with a leathern belt fastened with a silver buckle. On his head he wore a black velvet cap. Trokhim recognized him at once. It was Pridibalka.

This man came from the Manor-house, where he had been employed for the last twelve months as head gardener. He occupied one half of the long gardener's hut which stood in the garden; the other half being used by his assistants, Motilin's serfs. It was they who were the real gardeners. But the head gardener often received instructions from his master concerning matters having no connection with horticulture. From the very first day of his appointment at the Manor-house, he had succeeded in gaining the goodwill of the guardian, who was then managing the estate; and on young Motilin's return from military service, the head gardener became even more intimate with the young squire than he had been with his guardian. The servants, seeing that he enjoyed the good graces of their master, feared and respected him; but in the village people looked askance at him. His face was not attractive, being covered with freckles. His greenish eyes moved restlessly from side to side. The round face with its projecting moustache was like a cat's. He was called in the village "Pridibalka" (straggler), because no one knew whence he came; but at the Manor-house he was called by his patronymic, Fetis Borissovitch. He was always regarded as a foreigner, though no one knew his nationality. His family name was so peculiar that no one could remember it. Pridibalka was never seen in church, but he frequented the inn, and although he did not drink himself, he would often treat others. The village priest had no great liking for him, in fact, he used to say that this Pridibalka was the devil himself in human form. And this statement was repeated even by old and venerable men.

"Where are you going, you dunce?" asked Pridibalka.

Trokhim came to himself, but made no reply. Pridibalka placed himself in front of him, and after looking into his face, said:

"Come with me; when you have had a drink, you will feel better."

Seizing Trokhim by the sleeve, he almost dragged him along towards the inn.

"You have probably heard queer things about me," said he, on the way. "Don't believe any of them. I am a good man and help everyone."

They entered the inn, which was kept by a Great-Russian (Jews were not allowed in those parts). After Pridibalka had treated Trokhim he invited him out, and led him to the blacksmith's shop.

"Now then," said he, "what is the nature of the grief that made you wish to take your own life? Tell us!"

Trokhim told him everything.

"So that is all," said Pridibalka. "I don't know this Shpack myself, but I have heard of him. They say he is a hard man; but now that he has said he will give you his daughter, he is sure to do so. He will not dare to refuse when you go to him, as he has himself bidden you—on your own horse and in a blue coat made of gentleman's cloth."

"But where am I to get a coat and a horse?" asked Trokhim. "I am not only a poor man, but an absolute pauper, without kith or kin. I have one aunt, but she is also destitute, and lives by begging in Christ's name. Old Shpack said that on purpose, just to mock me; he wanted to scoff at my poverty; he knew very well that I could not get a horse and a coat, that's why he said it."

"You complain that you have neither kith nor kin," said Pridibalka. "But I tell you that if you only have money, you will also have kindred and relations. In good times a man has both relatives and friends!"

"And in bad times he has neither the one nor the other," said Trokhim. "And I have never known any but bad times."

"It often happens," said Pridibalka, "that in bad times a friend and benefactor turns up, and teaches one something good that leads to happiness. And it has turned out so for you: I am your friend and benefactor! Listen!" And Pridibalka lowered his voice to a whisper.

"A merchant has just arrived at the Manor House, with his goods," he said. "He has all sorts of cloth for a coat, and there will also be found money to buy a horse and cart. He will only stay at our place until this evening; towards night he will start with his man, and will travel along the road to the village of Loobki. Beyond Loobki there is a wood, and in the wood, a very deep ravine, all overgrown with bushes. The road passes along quite close to the edge of the ravine. Go, and sit down there, behind the trees. As the cart passes the ravine, jump up and strike the merchant on the head with a stick, and then serve his man in the same way; only you must look sharp, or while you are killing one the other will have time to run away. You can take from the cart what you want, and then you must overturn the cart with the dead men and the horses into the ravine. The rural police will come, and when they see that the horses have not been taken away, and that the goods are still in the cart (they don't know what goods there were and how much you have taken), they will conclude that the merchant, driving in the dark, fell into the ravine and was killed."

Trokhim listened, dumb with astonishment. When he had heard all, he said: "But what shall I tell people when they ask where I got the blue coat. Everyone knows that I haven't a penny to bless myself with."

Pridibalka smiled. "You can say you borrowed some money of me, and bought yourself a coat."

Then Trokhim came to his senses. "But how is it possible? Take innocent lives! How could anyone do it? God would punish!"

"Then it is as impossible for you to see Shpack's daughter your wife as it is for you to see your own ears," said Pridibalka. "If you want to be a saint you must think neither of marriage nor of coats, but of the kingdom of Heaven; you must go into a monastery, and enter the hard monastic service. But if you wish to live merrily in this world you must not mind sinning; only you must sin in such a way as not to be found out and sent to Siberia."

"God's punishment will be worse than Siberia!" said Trokhim with a sigh.

"Have you ever seen this God?" asked Pridibalka laughing.

"I have not seen, but I know," replied Trokhim; "and the priest says that God knows everything, nothing can be concealed from Him, and He punishes every evil deed."

"Oh, you fool! If everyone feared God's punishments, then they would think only of becoming beggars, praying for alms, instead of striving with all their might to become rich. You

simpleton, do you think that all these people grow rich through their own honest labor? That they become wealthy without sinning? They tell you so themselves, but only simpletons believe them. All sensible men know that if anyone has got rich, it means that he has sent others begging from door to door—or even worse; some have even been driven by such men to make an end of their lives. If you desire happiness for yourself, then, first of all don't be afraid of sinning; do anything that will bring you profit."

"But they say," began Trokhim, "that Christian blood is sure sooner or later to be revealed. People will find it out and I will be sent to Siberia."

"You must act in such a way that they won't find out," said Pridibalka; "only do as I tell you, and no one will find it out. Listen."

Trokhim said nothing, but he listened. "What of it," he thought, "no harm will come of mere words. Let us hear what he has to say."

"Look there, the sun is already setting," said Pridibalka, "go at once; here, take this knotty cudgel. It is time! It is quite five versts from here to the ravine. When you get there, sit down behind a tree. Don't look out, or make a noise, don't shout, but sit quietly behind the trees and wait. The merchant is just starting, towards dusk he will be there; as soon as they arrive, spring out upon them, and strike them right on the head."

Trokhim was dumbfounded, he could say nothing; he took the knotty stick from Pridibalka, and started along the road.

The road led across a dam to the further side of the river (which was all overgrown with mat grass), and then up a hill covered with forest. Trokhim ascended the hill, and walked for about two versts, passing by the reaped fields—it was August, the night between the 12th and 13th. He reached the village of Loobki, passed the manor house, and the wooden church, and entered the wood. Then fear began to take possession of his heart. Thoughts of God's vengeance disturbed his mind; but he remembered Pridibalka, and these thoughts left him. The voice of conscience is weak, until after the perpetration of a crime, otherwise so many crimes would not be committed. Trokhim now ceased to think what he should do, and thought only of the best way of accomplishing the work he had before him. He hastened his steps, and entered the thick wood. The road turned to the left, and led up to the ravine, not more than three paces from it. Here Trokhim stopped and sat down behind the trees, to wait for the merchant.

He had not long to wait. Not more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed before he heard the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs. The merchant had come along the road very close behind him. As soon as the cart reached the ravine, Trokhim sprang forward, struck the driver on the head with all his might, and then attacked the merchant, who was sleeping in the cart. The merchant screamed, but Trokhim struck him again and silenced him. Then he took the dead man's pocket-book from his pocket, and had just begun to throw out the packages when suddenly, as if from under the earth, Pridibalka arose before him. Trokhim was very much surprised and would have asked how he came there, but Pridibalka silently examined the men in the cart and then told him to finish killing the driver. Trokhim did as he was told. Then Pridibalka took one of the packages and said: "Here you are, take this and throw all the other things out. When the police come let them see the goods lying by the dead men, and there will be no suspicion of robbery."

They turned the cart over into the ravine, with the bodies of the slain men, the goods, and the horses.

"That will do better," said Pridibalka, "I had already looked in this package before he left the Manor. You will find everything you want: two pieces of cloth, one blue, to make you a coat, and the other black, of which you can make a pair of trousers and a cap; there is also a piece of velvet for a waistcoat, and some fine linen for shirts."

Trokhim showed him the pocket-book. Pridibalka counted the money, and found that it amounted to 8,000 roubles. This pocket-book was replaced in the pocket with part of the money.

They both returned to Mandreeki. Pridibalka went to the Manor House, and Trokhim to his aunt's. She was already asleep. He did not wake her but lay down in the passage.

III.

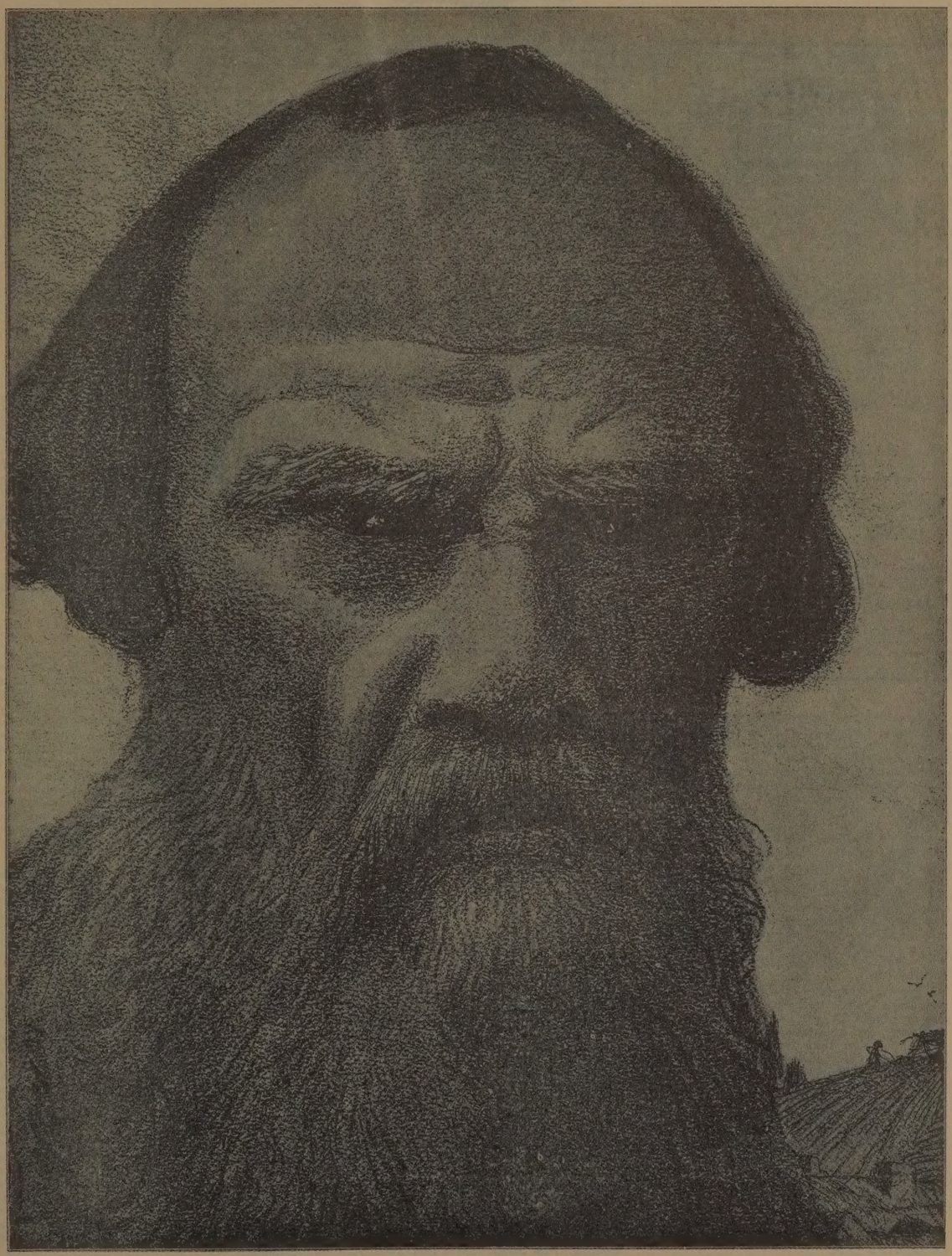
On the following day, the peasants from the village of Loobki, seeing the cart overturned in the ravine, and the dead bodies of the men and the horses, gave notice to the police. The police made investigations and ascertained that the goods were lying beside the dead men. In the merchant's pocket they found his pocket-book with money in it which still further dispelled all suspicion of robbery, and confirmed them in the belief that the men had met their death through their own carelessness. The doctor, who examined the bodies, also declared that death resulted from a blow on the head caused by the fall. In order to avoid similar unfortunate occurrences in future, the police required the squire to build a brick wall round the ravine.

All this Trokhim learned from Pridibalka. Pridibalka arranged with the squire's tailor to make Trokhim a coat, black trousers, a velvet waistcoat, and a cap; the squire's shoemaker undertook to make him boots, and the needle-woman to cut out and stitch his linen. Pridibalka told the people at the Manor that he had given Trokhim money to buy clothes and a horse and cart.

"Shpack," he said, "mocked the poor fellow; he propounded to him such an artful riddle that Trokhim wished to lay violent hands upon himself. Now, in return, I will mock the rich man."

This pleased all who heard it; they were glad of an opportunity of jeering at their presumptuous fellow-serf, who had grown so rich. Pridibalka also arranged with two men to act as matchmakers for Trokhim.

(To be continued.)



LEO TOLSTOY.

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Two humble citizens of the great republic of Art and Letters entered the beautiful Fifth avenue Cathedral and walked slowly through its gray-shadowed aisles. The mellow light of the already waning day streamed through the gorgeously colored windows, making a picture of wondrous beauty. "Is it not wonderful?" cried the woman with enthusiasm. The man did not reply, and as she turned to him with a look that was half-reproachful and half-enquiring, she saw that a cloud rested upon his face and he seemed wholly given to despair. Suddenly, the great organ pealed forth in gladsome strains and the vaulted roof rang with the resonance of triumphant hope and joy. In a moment the look of sadness and blank despair faded from the man's eyes and a new light shone there. The Spirit of Hope had entered his soul and there was tranquil peace.

"Why, I thought you were a materialist?" the woman said presently. "Yet you seem deeply moved by the music. Is it possible that we, your comrades, have been mistaken and that you really believe the legend of the resurrected Nazarene?"

"No," he replied quietly, "I have long since forsaken outworn creeds and am a materialist. But music always moves me, and when, as in this case, it breathes the message of life and hope, I am stirred to the depths. Often I wander into this place alone, only to listen to the music—a willing victim to its witchery. Here the art of the musician unites with the art of the painter and of the craftsman, but to enthrall the minds of men; when, I wonder, will they unite to free them?"

And the woman, thinking of an unfinished canvas at home, answered: "I do not know—I, too, am a slave."

From the earliest pæns of remote antiquity to the "Marseillaise" of the French Revolution and the "Corn Law Rhymes" of the great "Repeal" agitation in England, song has played an important part in all great movements, and the great thinker who exclaimed, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," voiced a truth of profounder significance than we commonly recognize. The Catholic Church has always cultivated its song services; Methodism probably owes more to the hymns of Charles Wesley than to the sermons of his brother; and the "Salvation Army" owes more to its "singing lasses" than to its preachers.

Yet, somehow, song plays little part in our American Socialist movement. Why this should be so it is not easy to discover. If the great anthem of Comradeship has not yet been written it is because the time is not yet ripe for it. This is the time of revolt, and surely songs of revolt are not lacking! Sometimes at our Socialist meetings there is music, but welcome as it is, it is not *Socialist* music. "Alice, Where Art Thou?" or "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed," however excellent in themselves, do not give expression to our wrongs or our aspirations, and are, therefore, of little service to us.

* * *

We have heard it objected, particularly in connection with the excellent little collection of Socialist songs issued by Kerr & Co., of Chicago, that they are not "native" to America, as if that were a sufficient excuse for not using them! Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Wagner—these are not "native" composers either, but the churches do not despise them on that account. How much less should we who stand for internationalism in all things? We hope that the day is not far distant when singing will become a regular part of our propaganda: we cannot afford to ignore the great mission—power of music!

* * *

During the past two or three years there has been a very marked improvement in the appearance of our Socialist newspapers, and, more particularly, the advertisements used in connection with our meetings and lectures. Formerly one always handed a circular or card to one's friends with an apology. The paper was usually of the commonest and the printing even worse, if possible, whilst the English in which the announcements were couched was generally far from being idiomatic. Whilst there is still room for improvement in this direction, the advance that has been made is encouraging and bears eloquent witness to an intellectual growth in our ranks that is in every way satisfactory.

Excellent, for example, is the little folder which the Clarion Club of Cincinnati have issued as an advertisement of their lectures. It is printed in two colors with ornamental initials; the design is tasteful and pretty, whilst its quaintly written comments upon the various speakers and their topics adds considerably to its value. The little folder reflects the greatest possible credit upon all concerned, and we heartily congratulate our Cincinnati comrades upon it. We wish them a full meed of success and of joy in the service!

* * *

In connection with lecture lists it might not be altogether impertinent to ask how far the practice of engaging non-Socialists to speak at our meetings ought to be indulged in. We have observed, not without some concern, in looking over a large number of lecture lists recently that there is a growing tendency to engage non-Socialist lecturers of various kinds ranging from Single-taxers and Tolstoyans to Democratic politicians and Spiritualists. The idea is, of course, that by such means we shall get people to attend our meetings who would not otherwise attend them, and that as discussion is usually allowed, there is always opportunity enough to defend Socialism. In theory this is all right, but we question its practical working. In the case of a single tax lecturer, for instance, it may well be that there will be Socialists in the audience competent enough to defeat him on equal terms, but they are allowed usually five, and at most fifteen, minutes in which to reply to or criticize a speech which has taken an hour and a quarter in delivery! Our business is to make Socialists, and it is surely safer and better to keep to the advocacy of Socialist principles. Of course there are exceptions to this, as to every other rule, but the danger at present seems to be that Socialist lecturers on Socialist platforms will soon be the exception!

* * *

Most of our readers will remember the commotion which was caused by the excommunication of Count Tolstoy and his reply to the Synod. It may also be remembered that last summer he was excluded from the "Teetotal Society" of Moscow because he was not "sufficiently moral." Now some of his adversaries are priding themselves upon the result of the excommunication. In one of the perfectly "legal" newspapers there recently appeared an essay entitled "A Remarkable Occurrence with the Portrait of Count Tolstoy," in which it is stated that the face of "the great author of the Russian land" shows, since his excommunication, a peculiarly diabolic expression, the fact being attributed to the consequent absence of the Holy Spirit from his side!

* * *

The publication, in connection with the article on Freiligrath, of "The Chances of the Game," recalls the story, interesting perhaps to a large number of our Single-Tax friends, of the translator's association with Henry George. James Leigh Joynes was for several years in the early days of the English Socialist movement one of its most indefatigable workers. He was always lecturing for the party or writing for the various Socialist papers. The pages of *Justice*, *The Commonweal* and *To-Day* contained frequent contributions in prose and verse from his pen. He was the author of "The Socialist Catechism," which has been so extensively used—and plagiarized—in this country.

But to the story. When Henry George visited England and Ireland in 1882, Joynes, who had read "Progress and Poverty," met the author and traveled with him in Ireland. That was the beginning of a great friendship. Owing to a ludicrous blunder, the two men were arrested under the infamous Coercion acts and locked up as "dangerous conspirators"! Although they were soon discharged, the whole press of the country rang with comments upon the incident. The British government had to apologize to Henry George as an American citizen, and Joynes wrote a brilliant and trenchant account of the affair for the *Times*, which caused great commotion at Eton, where he was an assistant master. Then, a few weeks later, the advertisement appeared of his new book, "Adventures of a Tourist in Ireland," and he was told by the Eton authorities that he must choose between his mastership and his book. He chose the latter, as might have been expected, and thus ended his academical career. Some of the prominent Socialists of that time arranged a complimentary dinner in his honor upon his retirement from Eton, and henceforth he was a brave standard-bearer for Socialism, realizing that mere Land Nationalization was no solution to the industrial problem.

S.

A Word for the Socialist Agitator.

Standing in the forefront of the conflict, it is upon the head of the Socialist agitator that the storm beats ever the fiercest. Just because he is standing in front; because he must be ever pressing forward into new and untried paths, he is peculiarly liable to error. Because he must be ever ready to defend his opinions he grows dogmatic. Since it is only through intensity that progress is made, he becomes narrower that he may strike the keener blows. The old breadth of view, unbiased judgment and broad culture that he once cherished as his dearest mental equipment falls away from the constant hammering at one point. Old books and old friends alike drop out of his life, and the tragedy of vicarious sacrifice is enacted once more in the human heart.

How gladly he would know more of the world of art and literature and music only one who has loved and lost these things can tell. But if he looks towards these pleasant pastures with longing eyes there ever rises between him and them the ghost of the immediate routine demanding instant attention. Worse still, the old friends that he wished so much to draw still closer to himself must be discarded, even if, as is all too frequently the case, they have not already taken the initiative and cut him out of their lives.

Because the world of capitalism measures success only with the dollar mark, he is soon looked upon with pity by the friendly few, who do not understand that he had hoped to find his reward in the work itself, and with scorn by the many, who look upon him simply as a "failure." Over and over again this hydra-headed financial problem rises athwart his path. The synthesis of capitalism, this question beats in upon him on every side from out the environment that gave it birth. Hurled back into that environment, Antæus like, it gains strength with each rebound, and comes back with ever sharper darts and heavier blows.

You thought perhaps the Socialist agitator was impervious to the "slings and arrows of fortune." You fancied because you had seen him standing on some street corner smiling with quiet scorn into the face of the mob that hurled into his face all the vile vocabulary of the gutter and the slum, that nothing would cause him to wince. Ah, but that opposition was all but a part of the great and serious game upon which he entered when he took up the cause of Socialism. He had reckoned with and overthrown that mob months and years before he stood upon that street corner platform. Or, perhaps you saw him coolly smiling over some bit of lying abuse bestowed upon him by a capitalist daily, and you felt sure that after this no criticism would ever be felt deeply. You forgot that this form of abuse is but the signal that his shot went home, that his blows had found their mark.

But shots from within the ranks, knife blows that come from the hands of those with whom he is trying to fight, these find exposed spots in his armor, spots which he left exposed because he never dreamed of attack from those directions.

At the beginning he thought also to have clothed himself in an impenetrable armor against the blows of want. He prepared himself to suffer physical discomfort, even to hunger and cold, and thought that nothing could ever break through the protection of his self-renunciation. Suddenly the blow falls, not upon his own shoulders, but upon those of wife and children, and the iron creeps down into the very heart depths. Slowly the wound sears over, but ever bleeds beneath the scar, because by some frightful contradiction he feels as if the knife that laid him low received its impulse from his own hand.

Suddenly the mode of attack changes. Instead of deep thrusts and stunning blows that drain the life blood and stagger mind and body, there comes a shower of stinging poisoned darts. He hears it hinted that the shabbiness with which necessity has forced him to dress is demagogic affectation. Before the hurt of this sting has passed away, one of those with whom he is linked in comrade ties of common aims and labor hints that he is "living on the movement." The retort that it would be more truthful to say that he "is dying on the movement," may send the shaft back with added force, but the rankling wound is not the quicker healed thereby.

Those former friends who retain the closest sympathy often deal unwittingly the most smarting blows of all the stinging cuts that come from the financial scourge. Over and over again the demands of Socialism for the things that money can so readily supply presses in upon the Socialist worker, and he goes to these friends for the help which they are sometimes ever ready to give. Right at this point the capitalist and socialist world of thought and motive meet in the very heart of man, and here where this conflict is centered the pain is keenest. Try as he will to avoid it, all true ground of friendship is destroyed or weakened. Gloss it over as they may, there can but linger in the minds of his friends the feeling that they are being exploited for the cause of Socialism. Then suddenly cause and advocate become inextricably mixed, until at times all the damning relations of beggar and giver crowd upon the scenes, crushing and destroying all genuine friendly relations. As these things rise in exaggerated form in the mind of the Socialist, he sees himself at one moment but a parasite, and then as the demands of a proletariat enslaved presses once more upon his vision he feels himself the representative of the cause, authorizing him to demand all earth has in store as its rightful portion. But all this does not take out the irritating, stinging element that cuts him off from all frank, open communion with those whose companionship he needs most of all.

Ever and again from within the ranks of the comrades there come showers of those poison-tipped arrows, often without a shadow of reason, sometimes inspired by envy and jealousy, and again but a result of the suspiciousness which naturally arises when one has learned how great a sham is our present society. More often still it is only because he has failed to make himself understood to those whom he thought comprehended him best.

He who speaks of new things, new movements and new ideas, must perforce use new terms, phrases and expressions to explain them. But all this makes him peculiarly liable to misunderstanding. Often, too, he has not yet wholly and clearly thought out what he would say, and so confusion in his own mind is twice confounded ere it finds lodgement in other minds, and mere indefiniteness becomes deliberate deception.

Cut off by the friends who oppose him, distrusted by those who sympathize with him, attacked by those with whom he would toil, his own life narrowed, crushed and distorted, his loved ones deprived of the comforts of the present, and the future far away, the life of a Socialist agitator offers little to be envied.

There are other sides—times of encouragement, of victories gained, of hopes realized. Of these I may speak again. Now I would only raise a hand to ask that when next you would hurl a word or blow or suspicion against the man who is giving his life to Socialism, that you pause and consider if his load may not be heavy enough without the additional burden.

NIEMAND.

* * *

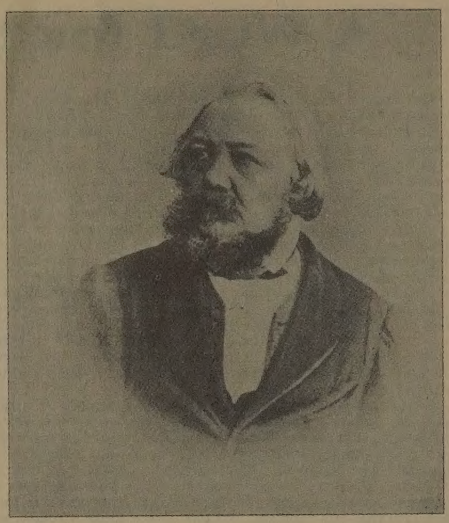
The Capitalist.

The Capitalist like Lord of old
Loves nothing in this world but gold.
With "sweet content" he's never blessed
Tho' millions overflow his chest.
But, spite of all his golden store,
He lives in want—in want of more!

WILLIAM C. DORN.

(*La Rire.*)

THE TRUST KING.



Ferdinand Freiligrath

and His Work.

By JOHN SPARGO.

Like all great revolutionary movements the Socialist move ment has produced its full share of great poets, and its bardic roll is adorned by many of the most illustrious names in the literary history of the nineteenth century—the century of its birth and early struggles. And among the most lustrous of these, though comparatively unknown to the present generation of English-speaking Socialists, is the name of Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Born at Detmold in 1810, Freiligrath longed as a boy for a University education, but his father, Johann Wilhelm, was too poor to gratify that desire—a fact to which he tenderly alludes in his *Odysseus*—so at fifteen, bearing his disappointment bravely, he entered the employment of his uncle, who carried on business at Soest, a small, out-of-the-way town in Westphalia. Here he remained until his twenty-first year, when he went to Amsterdam and took up a situation in a large banking house. Here he was employed for about five years, during which time he wrote many of the poems which brought him fame on the publication of his first work in 1838. Long before this, however, fugitive poems from his pen had appeared anonymously; and though perhaps crude in some respects, they gave promise of an undoubted future for the young aspirant to fame. His "Iceland Moss Tea," written when he was a lad of sixteen, reveals the power of the poetic impulse within him. After a really magnificent picture of Iceland with its volcanoes, weird scenery and lone seas, he bursts forth with inspired enthusiasm and fervent invocation:

> Oh, let the flames that burn unfed
> Within me wax until they glow,
> Volcano-like through even the snow
> That in few years shall strew my head.
>
> And as the stones that Hecla sees
> Flung up to Heaven through fiery rain,
> Descend like thunderbolts again
> Upon the distant Faroese.
>
> So let the rude but burning rhymes
> Cast from the cauldron of my breast,
> Again fall flashing down and rest
> On human hearts in farthest climes.*

* Translated by J. C. Mangan.

The five years spent at Amsterdam were busy years for the young poet. Not only did he write most of the poems which appeared in his first volume, during this time, but he began also his work as translator, in which he was so signally successful. Working often ten hours a day at the bank, he nevertheless undertook to translate Victor Hugo's poems at the rate of an ode a day! "This Hugo sets my brain on fire," he wrote to a friend. In addition he translated a large number of poems by some of the great English poets. Meantime his own poems were attracting attention, and poets like Chamisso, Uhland and Gustav Schwab wrote him long letters of kindly encouragement and appreciation for which he ever remained grateful.

In 1836 he left Amsterdam and returned to Soest, where he spent several months preparing his book for the press; then, when the MS. had gone to the publisher's, he entered a mercantile office at Barmen and awaited results. When the book appeared it was received with rapture, and Freiligrath woke to the enviable fact that he had become famous overnight. The most remarkable feature of the poems which were thus rapturously applauded, was the wonderful way in which he described scenes which he had never seen save by imagination, and the great variety of those scenes. In "The Lion's Ride," for example, we have a picture of the great South African Karoo, which even Pringle, 'the poet of the Karoo,' never excelled: it is the work of a master. But, strange to say, he describes for us with equal power and accuracy, the grim tragedies of ocean; the splendid imagery of Oriental life and the majesty, cold and proud, of the Arctic world. Had he never written another line these poems must have won for Freiligrath an enduring fame as a great poet.

He now decided, upon the advice of Karl Immermann and others, to leave the world of commerce and devote himself to literature, and after a pedestrian tour through Westphalia, he settled down to his chosen work. In the following year, 1840, he became engaged to Ida, the daughter of Professor Melos of Weimar, to whom he addressed some of the sweetest love-songs in any language. They were married in 1841, and it is pleasing to know that all through his stormy career, their love-union was unimpaired.

It was just at this time that Alexander von Humboldt, unknown to the poet, began to use his influence with the king, William IV of Prussia, with the result that he granted Freiligrath a small pension of three hundred thalers a year, which, small as it was, proved most acceptable. With his wife he now went to live at St. Goar on the Rhine, where the first year of their wedded life was spent largely in the company of that other great German poet, Emanuel Geibel, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was then staying in the district. That meeting was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between

the two poets; a friendship fraught with great importance to German literature, because Freiligrath's translations were to reveal to his countrymen the sweetness and beauty of the American poet.

The increase of oppression in Germany, drew a number of poets like Herwegh, Prutz, Grün and others into the ranks of the revolutionary party. But Freiligrath had a terrible dread of becoming a "political poet," and when Herwegh and others admonished him, he replied with a poem, "Ein Brief," in which he took the view "That the poet stands on a higher beacon than on the battlements of party." This poem provoked a great deal of discussion, and a brilliant poem from Herwegh in reply, in which he held that it was the duty of the poet, and his true mission, to stand by the party of Freedom.

But it must not be inferred that Freiligrath was indifferent to the great struggle that was taking place. Even in his first work, as the English poet and critic, William Howitt, pointed out with remarkable discrimination, there was the foreshadowing of the revolutionist. and his writings since that time bore witness to the fact, that he was nearing that crisis in his life, when, in spite of himself, he would have to take his stand with the revolutionists. In "A Spot on the Rhine" he first makes clear that henceforth he is to be a soldier in the fight:

Thou whose proud banner but from mould'ring wall
Doth lonely float, thro' the dull air slow sailing;
Thou the Dethroned!—with agitated soul
Down at thy feet I humbly, sadly fall,
A solemn witness of thy widow's wailing;
A child, all feverish of this Era new,
Yet for the Past piously mourning too.

Not as a boy! only one hour, lo!
Stretched at thy feet I'll join thee in thy sorrow!
The spirit fresh that thro' these times doth flow,
I've promised it, it has my word and vow,
My blade must flash yet in the fight to-morrow.
Only one hour! but that devoted quite
To thee alone, and to thy glory bright.*

* Translated by his daughter, Mrs. Freiligrath-Kroeker.

In the spring of 1844 Freiligrath prepared his "Credo" (*Glaubensbekenntniss*) for the press and in the early summer of that year it was published, and, of course, immediately interdicted by the police. This little volume is of remarkable interest as bearing witness to the gradual change which had come over the poet. The first part consists of his less conscious and definite poems, including "A Spot on the Rhine," from which we have already quoted and "Ein Brief," his rebuke to Herwegh. The second part consists of the poems of his maturer thought and begins with "Good Morning," in which he shakes off all irresolution and declares:

To my nation, then I bade "Good Morning!"
Next, God willing, I shall bid "Good Day."
* * * *
So "Good Morning!" Free, I chose my station
With the people, and their cause make mine.
"Poet, march and labor with thy nation,"
Thus, to-day, I read my Schiller's line.*

* Translated by J. R. Chorley.

Perhaps the finest thing in the volume is the magnificent poem "Freedom and Right," in which he passionately insists that:

—Freedom still liveth, and with her the Right,
Freedom and Right!
* * * *
And this is a trust; never made, as at present,
The glad pair from battle to battle their flight;
Never breathed through the soul of the downtrodden peasant,
Their spirit so deeply in promptings of light;
They sweep o'er the earth with a tempest-like token;
From strand unto strand words of thunder are spoken;
Already the serf finds his manacles broken,
And those of the negro are falling from sight;
Freedom and Right!
Yes, everywhere wide is their war-banner waving,
On the armies of wrong their revenge to requite;
The strength of Oppression they boldly are braving
And at last they will conquer, resistless in Might!
Oh, God! what a glorious wreath then appearing,
Will blend every leaf in the banner they're wearing—
The olive of Greece and the shamrock of Erin,
And the oak-bough of Germany, greenest in light!
Freedom and Right!*

* Translated by Bayard Taylor.

In the introduction to this, his first political work, Freiligrath announced that he had refused to accept the royal pension any longer. "On New Year's Day, 1842, I was surprised by its bestowal; since New Year's Day, 1844, I have ceased to receive it," he writes proudly. Explaining why he included the poems in the first part of the book which expressed views he no longer held, he declares: "I cannot help it! Whoso stands at the goal should not deny the roundabout way by which it has been attained.... The thoughtful and enquiring, will, I hope....perceive that there can only be question here of progress and evolution, not of a change of party or faction; certainly not of a wanton catching at anything so sacred as is the love and respect of a people." He likens his own struggle for political consciousness to that which the nation itself must pass through and fully and freely admits that he has "descended from that higher beacon" to the "battlements of party" which he formerly descried. "Firmly and immoveably I stand on the side of those who face the reaction with all their energy. No life for me further without liberty.... My face is turned toward the future." He is now in very truth a poet of the revolution and there awaits him the common guerdon of persecution, hatred and exile.

To escape the persecution, which he will knew his book must bring forth, the poet fled to Brussels, where he made the acquaintance of Marx, Bürgers and Heinzen, all three exiles like himself. Being warned, he left Brussels and fled to Switzerland, and not too soon either, for about six hours later another man of the same name was arrested. He found a temporary home in Rapperswyl, in the canton of St. Gallen, his wife joining him there some time later. But even here he was not safe, so he moved to Zurich, where, in addition to the three fellow-exiles with whom he had sojourned in Brussels, he met Arnold Ruge and his one-time opponent, Herwegh.

In 1845 the small volume of six poems, "Ca ira," appeared and took Germany by storm. Never before had the Revolution been so fully realized in song; never before had poet so powerfully championed the spirit of revolt, and these six poems must always be regarded as among the greatest political poems of the world. Mr. Justin McCarthy, himself a sympathetic translator of some of Freiligrath's poems, has derided his political poems as being destined by Time "for that wallet wherein he carries alms for oblivion"—a verdict which reflects sadly upon his judgment. Far wiser were the words of the *Foreign Quarterly Review,* written almost a quarter of a century before. In a review of the "Credo," after quoting the poem "Freedom and Right," both translated and in the original, the *Review* said: "And it is in the teeth of such condemning evidence as this, that here and there some crochetry Englishman can affect to mourn over his descent into the ignoble region of political strife! As if Freedom were not the living breath of all true poetry, or as if there could be found a champion more fit than the poet himself to defend the dignity and the existence of his noble art."*—What could be finer, even in translation than "The Chances of the Game," with which "Ca ira" closes?

After the publication of these poems, even Switzerland was no longer a safe abiding place for him. A vigorous attempt had been made to induce him, a year before, to join the German colony, which had recently been started in Texas, and was again renewed, but he declined, and, in response to the invitation of his friends, William and Mary Howitt, who had already done much to make his work known in England, turned, as did all the political refugees of that time, to London, a safe asylum there being always certain.

(*To be concluded.*)

* *Foreign Quarterly Review* (1844), Vol. 34, p. 365.

Selections from Freiligrath's Poetry.

The Chances of the Game.

Translated by J. L. JOYNES.

No better chess-board than the world!
Though square by square I have to yield,
Though here and there my flag be furled,
Ye cannot drive me off the field.

So is it in the noble strife
Between the tyrants and the free,
Blow after blow for death or life,
And peace to neither side may be.

It seems that even here as well
I needs must try another bout,
That even from the home of Tell,
The chance of chess will drive me out.

So be it. Haunts to Freedom dear
By Norway's breakers yet remain;
A sound from France assails my ear,
The clanking of her broken chain.

No exiled head has England e'er
Asylum on her shores denied;
A far friend's message bids me share
His home on bright Ohio's side.

From town to town, from State to State,
From land to land, whate'er be fated,
No move of Fate can give me mate,
'Tis kings alone can be check-mated.

* * *

The Lion's Ride.

Translated by A. BASKERVILLE.

From his lair the desert king arose through his domain to fly,
To the far lagoon he wanders, in the lofty reeds to lie;
Where gazelles drink and giraffes, he lurks upon the rushy shore;
Trembling o'er the mighty monarch, waves the shady sycamore.

When at eve the blazing fire crackles in the Caffre's kraal,
When on Table Mount no more the signal flutters in the gale,
When the solitary Hottentot sweeps o'er the wide karoo,
When the antelope sleeps 'neath the bush, and by the stream the gnu:

Lo! then stalks majestically through the desert the giraffe,
There to lave the stagnant waters, there the slimy draught to quaff;
Parched with thirst, he skims the naked plain his burning tongue to cool,
Kneeling, with extended neck, he drinks from out the miry pool.

Suddenly, the rushes quiver; on his back, with fearful roar,
Springs the lion; what a steed! were richer housings e'er before
Seen in knight's or prince's stall, or on the champing war steed's sides,
Than the spotted charger's trappings, which the desert king bestrides?

In the muscles of the neck he digs his greedy fangs amain,
O'er the giant courser's shoulder waves the rider's yellow mane;
With the hollow shriek of pain, he starts and, mad with fury, flies;
See! the spotted leopard's skin, how with the camel's speed it vies!

Hark! he strikes the moon-illumined plain with foot swift as the roe's,
Staring from their sockets start his bloodshot eyes and trickling flows
O'er the brown bespotted neck the gory torrent's purple stain,
And the victim's beating heart resounds along the silent plain.

Like the cloud which guided Israel to Yemen's promised land,
Like a genius of the waste, a phantom riding o'er the strand,
Whirling on, a sandy column, like a vortex in the skies,
Through the desert's sandy sea, behind the horse and rider, flies

Whirring in their wake, the vulture pierces with his shriek the gloom,
And the fell hyena follows, desecrator of the tomb;
And the panther, dread destroyer of the Capeland's herds, gives chase;
Drops of sweat and gore point out their grisly monarch's fearful trace.

Trembling, they beheld their lord, as on his living throne he stood,
Tearing with his grisly fangs the checkered cushion, stained with blood.
Onwards, till his strength's exhausted, must the steed his burden bear,
'Gainst a rider such as this, 'twere vain indeed to plunge and rear!

Staggering, on the desert's brink the victim falls and gurgling lies;
Dead, besmeared with froth and gore, the steed becomes the rider's prize.
Over Madagascar, in the east the morning glimmers gray,—
O'er the frontier of his realm the king of beasts pursues his way.

Illustrations by H. G. JENTZSCH.

News from Nowhere.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER V.

CHILDREN ON THE ROAD.

Past the Broadway there were fewer houses on either side. We presently crossed a pretty little brook that ran across a piece of land dotted over with trees, and awhile after came to another market and town-hall, as we should call it. Although there was nothing familiar to me in its surroundings, I knew pretty well where we were, and was not surprised when my guide said briefly, "Kensington Market."

Just after this we came into a short street of houses; or rather, one long house on either side of the way, built of timber and plaster, and with a pretty arcade over the footway before it.

Quoth Dick: "This is Kensington proper. People are apt to gather here rather thick, for they like the romance of the wood; and naturalists haunt it, too; for it is a wild spot even here, what there is of it; for it does not go far to the south: it goes from here northward and west right over Paddington and a little way down Notting Hill: thence it runs north-east to Primrose Hill, and so on; rather a narrow strip of it gets through Kingsland to Stoke-Newington and Clapton, where it spreads out along the heights above the Lea marches; on the other side of which, as you know, is Epping Forest holding out a hand to it. This part we are just coming to is called Kensington Gardens; though why 'gardens' I don't know."

I rather longed to say, "Well, *I* know"; but there were so many things about me which I did *not* know, in spite of his assumptions, that I thought it better to hold my tongue.

The road plunged at once into a beautiful wood spreading out on either side, but obviously much further on the north side, where even the oaks and sweet chestnuts were of a good growth; while the quicker-growing trees (among which I thought the planes and sycamores too numerous) were very big and fine-grown.

It was exceedingly pleasant in the dappled shadow, for the day was growing as hot as need be, and the coolness and shade soothed my excited mind into a condition of dreamy pleasure, so that I felt as if I should like to go on forever through that balmy freshness. My companion seemed to share in my feelings, and let the horse go slower and slower as he sat inhaling the green forest's scents, chief among which was the smell of the trodden bracken near the wayside.

Romantic as this Kensington wood was, however, it was not lonely. We came on many groups both coming and going, or wandering in the edges of the wood. Among these were many children from six to eight years old up to sixteen or seventeen. They seemed to me to be especially fine specimens of their race, and were clearly enjoying themselves to the utmost; some of them were hanging about little tents pitched on the greensward, and by some of these fires were burning, with pots hanging over them gipsy fashion. Dick explained to me that there were scattered houses in the forest, and indeed we caught a glimpse of one or two. He said they were mostly quite small, such as used to be called cottages when there were slaves in the land, but they were pleasant enough and fitting for the wood.

"They must be pretty well stocked with children," said I, pointing to the many youngsters about the way.

"O," said he, "these children do not all come from the near houses, the woodland houses, but from the country-side generally. They often make up parties, and come to play in the woods for weeks together in summer-time, living in tents, as you see. We rather encourage them to it; they learn to do things for themselves, and get to notice the wild creatures; and you see, the less they stew inside houses the better for them Indeed, I must tell you that many grown people will go to live in the forests through the summer; though they for the most part go to the bigger ones, like Windsor, or the Forest of Dean, or the northern wastes. Apart from the other pleasures of it, it gives them a little rough work, which I am sorry to say is getting somewhat scarce for these last fifty years."

He broke off, and then said, "I tell you all this, because I see that if I talk I must be answering questions, which you are thinking, even if you are not speaking them out; but my kinsman will tell you more about it."

I saw that I was likely to get out of my depth again, and so merely for the sake of tiding over an awkwardness and to say something, I said—

"Well, the youngsters here will be all the fresher for school when the summer gets over and they have to go back again."

"School?" he said; "yes, what do you mean by that word? I don't see how it can have anything to do with children. We talk, indeed, of a school of herring, and a school of painting, and in the former sense we might talk of a school of children—but otherwise," said he, laughing, "I must own myself beaten."

Hang it! thought I, I can't open my mouth without digging up some new complexity. I wouldn't try to set my friend right in his etymology; and I thought I had best say nothing about the boy-farms which I had been used to call schools, as I saw pretty clearly that they had disappeared; so I said after a little fumbling, "I was using the word in the sense of a system of education."

"Education?" said he meditatively, "I know enough Latin to know that the word must come from *educere*, to lead out: and I have heard it used; but I have never met anybody who could give me a clear explanation of what it means."

You may imagine how my new friends fell in my esteem when I heard this frank avowal; and I said, rather contemptuously, "Well, education means a system of teaching young people."

"Why not old people also?" said he with a twinkle in his eye. "But," he went on, "I can assure you our children learn, whether they go through a 'system of teaching' or not. Why, you will not find one of these children about here, boy or girl, who cannot swim; and every one of them has been used to tumbling about the little forest ponies—there's one of them now! They all of them know how to cook; the bigger lads can mow; many can thatch and do odd jobs at carpentering; or they know how to keep shop. I can tell you they know plenty of things."

"Yes, but their mental education, the teaching of their minds," said I, kindly translating my phrase.

"Guest," said he, "perhaps you have not learned to do these things I have been speaking about; and if that's the case, don't you run away with the idea that it doesn't take some skill to do them, and doesn't give plenty of work for one's mind: you would change your opinion if you saw a Dorsetshire lad thatching, for instance. But, however, I understand you to be speaking of book-learning; and as to that, it is a simple affair. Most children, seeing books lying about, manage to read by the time they are four years old; though I am told it has not always been so. As to writing, we do not encourage them to scrawl too early (though scrawl a little they will), because it gets them into a habit of ugly writing; and what's the use of ugly writing being done, when rough printing can be done so easily. You understand that handsome writing we like, and many people will write their books out when they make them, or get them written; I mean books of which only a few copies are needed—poems, and such like, you know. However, I am wandering from my lambs; but you must excuse me, for I am interested in this matter of writing, being myself a fair writer."

"Well," said I, "about the children; when they know how to read and write, don't they learn something else—languages, for instance?"

"Of course," he said, "sometimes even before they can read, they can talk French, which is the nearest language talked on the other side of the water; and they soon get to know German also, which is talked by a huge number of communes and colleges on the mainland. These are the principal languages we speak in these islands, along with English or Welsh, or Irish, which is another form of Welsh; and the children pick them up very quickly, because their elders all know them; and besides our guests from over sea often bring their children with them, and the little ones get together, and rub their speech into one another."

"And the older languages?" said I.

"Oh, yes," said he, "they mostly learn Latin and Greek along with the modern ones, when they do anything more than merely pick up the latter."

"And history?" said I; "how do you teach history?"

"Well," said he, "when a person can read, of course he reads what he likes to; and he can easily get someone to tell him what are the best books to read on such or such a subject, or to explain what he doesn't understand in the books when he is reading them."

"Well," said I, "what else do they learn? I suppose they don't all learn history?"

"No, no," said he; "some don't care about it; in fact, I don't think many do. I have heard my great-grandfather say that it is mostly in periods of turmoil and strife and confusion that people care much about history; and you know," said my friend, with an amiable smile, "we are not like that now. No; many people study facts about the make of things and matters of cause and effect, so that knowledge increases on us, if that be good; and some, as you heard about friend Bob yonder, will spend time over mathematics. 'Tis no use forcing people's tastes."

Said I: "But you don't mean that children learn all these things?"

Said he: "That depends on what you mean by children; and also you must remember how much they differ. As a rule, they don't do much reading, except for a few story-books, till they are about fifteen years old; we don't encourage early bookishness: though you will find some children who *will* take to books very early; which perhaps is not good for them; but it's no use thwarting them; and very often it doesn't last long with them, and they find their level before they are twenty years old. You see, children are mostly given to imitating their elders, and when they see most people about them engaged in genuinely amusing work, like house-building and street-paving, and gardening, and the like, that is what they want to be doing; so I don't think we need fear having too many book-learned men."

What could I say? I sat and held my peace, for fear of fresh entanglements. Besides, I was using my eyes with all my might, wondering as the old horse jogged on, when I should come into London proper, and what it would be like now.

But my companion couldn't let his subject quite drop, and went on meditatively:

"After all, I don't know that it does them much harm, even if they do grow up book-students. Such people as that, 'tis a great pleasure seeing them so happy over work which is not much sought for. And besides, these students are generally such pleasant people; so kind and sweet tempered; so humble, and at the same time so anxious to teach everybody all that they know. Really, I like those that I have met prodigiously."

This seemed to me such *very* queer talk that I was on the point of asking him another question; when just as we came

to the top of a rising ground, down a long glade of the wood on my right I caught sight of a stately building whose outline was familiar to me, and I cried out, "Westminster Abbey!"

"Yes," said Dick, "Westminster Abbey—what there is left of it."

"Why, what have you done with it?" quoth I in terror.

"What have *we* done with it?" said he; "nothing much, save clean it. But you know the whole outside was spoiled centuries ago: as to the inside, that remains in its beauty after the great clearance, which took place over a hundred years ago, of the beastly monuments to fools and knaves, which once blocked it up, as great-grandfather says."

We went on a little further, and I looked to the right again, and said, in rather a doubtful tone of voice, "Why, there are the Houses of Parliament! Do you still use them?"

He burst out laughing, and was some time before he could control himself; then he clapped me on the back and said:

"I take you, neighbor; you may well wonder at our keeping them standing, and I know something about that, and my old kinsman has given me books to read about the strange game that they played there. Use them! Well, yes, they are used for a sort of subsidiary market, and a storage place for manure, and they are handy for that, being on the water-side. I believe it was intended to pull them down quite at the beginning of our days; but there was, I am told, a queer anti-quarian society, which had done some service in past times, and which straightway set up its pipe against their destruction, as it has done with many other buildings, which most people looked upon as worthless, and public nuisances; and it was so energetic, and had such good reasons to give, that it generally gained its point; and I must say that when all is said I am glad of it: because you know at the worst these silly old buildings serve as a kind of foil to the beautiful ones which we build now. You will see several others in these parts; the place my great-grandfather lives in, for instance, and a big building called St. Paul's. And you see, in this matter we need not grudge a few poorish buildings standing, because we can always build elsewhere; nor need we be anxious as to the breeding of pleasant work in such matters, for there is always room for more and more work in a new building, even without making it pretentious. For instance, elbow-room *within* doors is to me so delightful that if I were driven to it I would almost sacrifice out-door space to it. Then, of course, there is the ornament, which, as we must all allow, may easily be overdone in mere living houses, but can hardly be in mote-halls and markets, and so forth. I must tell you, though, that my great-grandfather sometimes tells me I am a little cracked on this subject of fine building; and indeed I *do* think that the energies of mankind are chiefly of use to them for such work; for in that direction I can see no end to the work, while in many others a limit does seem possible."

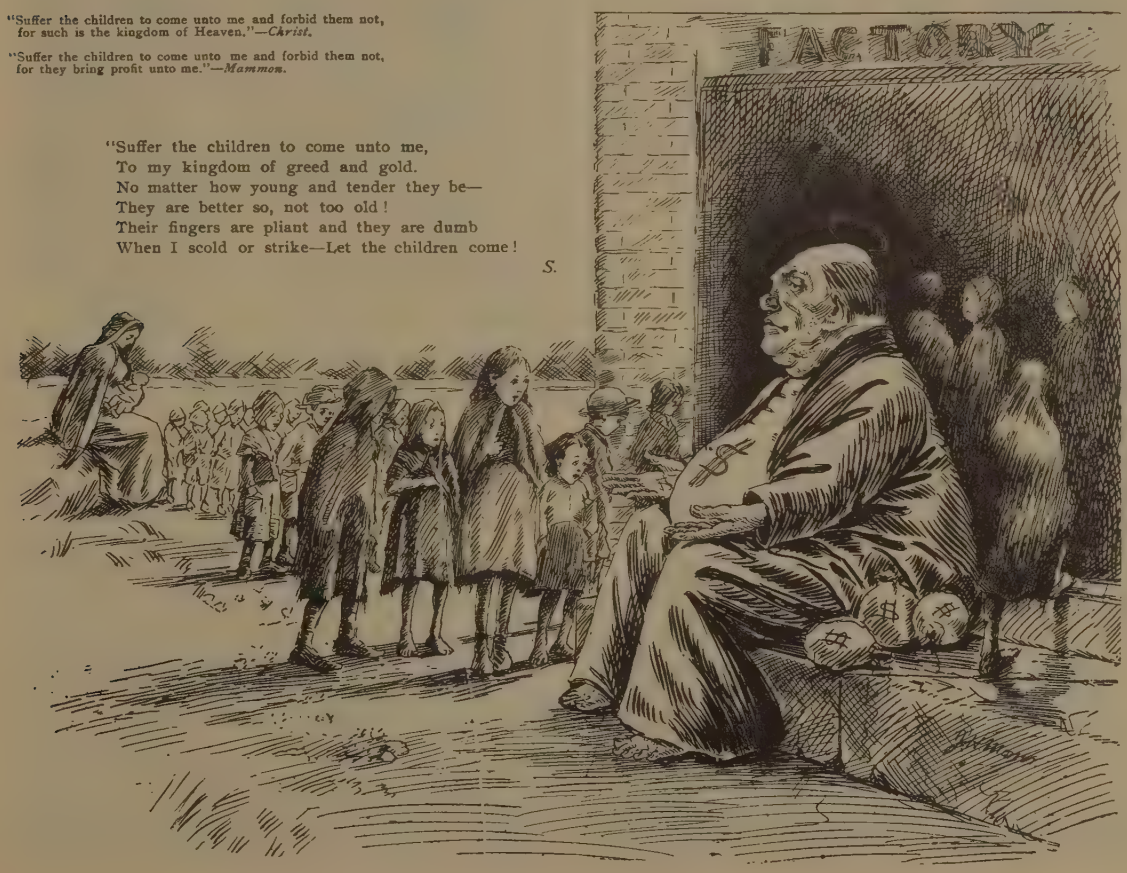
(*To be continued.*)

"Suffer the children to come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of Heaven."—*Christ.*

"Suffer the children to come unto me and forbid them not, for they bring profit unto me."—*Mammon.*

"Suffer the children to come unto me,
To my kingdom of greed and gold.
No matter how young and tender they be—
They are better so, not too old!
Their fingers are pliant and they are dumb
When I scold or strike—Let the children come!

S.



An Exciting Book.

By MAXIM GORKI.

Translated by THOMAS SELTZER.

I am not a little boy. I am forty years old, and know life as I know the furrows on the palm of my hands and the features of my face. I need no lesson from anybody. I have a wife and children, and to secure for them a comfortable existence I had to cringe for twenty long years. Yes! This is not so easy, and by no means pleasant. But it is past and over. Now I want to rest from the troubles of life. This is what I want you to understand, sir.

As I indulge in my leisure, I like to read. For a man of culture reading is a noble amusement. I esteem books and reckon the reading of them as among my most precious habits. But I am not one of those eccentrics who swallow every book as a hungry man swallows a piece of bread, who seek in every book a revelation, a guide for life.

I know myself how one should live; I know it well enough.

It is only good books I select, those that effect me agreeably. What pleases me is when the author shows you the bright side of life, and at the same time can present the seamy side in an agreeable manner, so that you can enjoy the appetizing sauce without thinking much of the quality of the roast. We who have worked continuously our whole lifetime want a book to relieve us, to put us to rest. Quiet repose is my sacred right. I defy anyone to deny it!

Well then, some time ago I bought a book of one of these modern much-praised writers.

I bought it, brought it home contented, carefully cut open its pages in the evening, and began to read—not without a certain prejudice, I must confess. For I do not believe in these young sympathetic talents. I love Turgenev. He is a gentle, placid author. One reads him as one drinks curdled milk, and at the same time one thinks to himself all this happened long ago, it is all past and gone. Goucharov, too, I like. His writings have an atmosphere of calmness about them and are solid and convincing.

Now, then, I began to read. Ha! What is this? A beautiful, correct and fluent style! Impartial even. In a word—excellent! I read over one story, closed the book and reflected. The impression it produced was a sad one, but one could read it without danger. I found no bitterness, no ambiguous allusions, no insinuations against the comfortable classes of society, nor any attempt to describe the lower class as a model of all virtues and perfection. There was no insolence, all was very simple and very pretty. So I read another little story. Very, very good! Bravo! Another one! It is said that when a Chinaman has for some reason grown weary of a friend and wants to poison him, he treats him to ginger preserves. This is an excellent delectable jam, which a man would eat for a long time with an indescribable appetite; but a certain moment arrives when he falls, and—done for! He will never again want anything to eat. He will himself be food for the worms in the grave.

It was so with this book. I read it through without interruption, the last part of it when I was already in bed. When I was done, I put out the light and got ready to sleep. The room was dark and still.

Suddenly I felt something unusual. It appeared to me as if a sort of autumn flies whirled and circled around me in the dark with a low buzzing drone, those obtrusive flies, you know, that settle themselves, so to say, all at once on your nose, your chin, and both your ears. Their feet especially irritated and tickled my skin.

I opened my eyes, but saw nothing. Yet I was sad and troubled. Involuntarily I had to think again of what I had read. Gloomy images of the heroes hove before my mental vision. They were hideous, dumb, bloodless, hopeless, wretched creatures.

I could not fall asleep.

I began to think. I have lived forty years, forty years, forty years. My stomach digests poorly. My wife says that—hm—I do not love her as passionately as I loved her five years ago. My son is a dunce. He gets abominable marks in school, is lazy, beats about everywhere, and reads stupid books. You ought to see what books! The school is an institution of torture, and brings about the ruin of children. My wife is beginning to have wrinkles under her eyes and still wants to be loved. My government position is as perfect a piece of nonsense as there could be, and in general my whole life—

Here I pulled in the reins of my fancy, and opened my eyes again. What deviltry was this?

Before my bed stood the book, a thin, dried-up thing, supported on long, slender, fleshless legs. It nodded sarcastically at me, and whispered with its leaves:

"Go on. Deliberate. Think well"

It had a long, thin, furious, melancholy face; its eyes glared with a painful brightness, and drilled themselves deep into my soul.

"Think, think. Why have you lived forty years? What have you accomplished during all this time, and what good did your life bring? Not a single new thought has sprung from your brain. In all the forty years you have not spoken a single original word. In your heart there has never awakened a strong, healthy feeling, and even when you loved you still calculated whether the woman whom you loved would make a fitting wife for you. You have studied half of your life to forget what you have learned in the other half. Your sole concern was to get as much as possible of the comforts, the warmth of life, to enjoy plenty. You are an insignificant nonentity, a superfluous being, of no use to anyone. After your death what will remain of you? Nothing. As if you had never lived."

The confounded thing pushed nearer, threw itself upon my chest and stifled me. Its pages trembled, clasped and suffocated me, and whispered:

"There are tens of thousands like you in the world. Year in and year out you stick like cockroaches in your warm crannies. This is why life is so comfortable and colorless."

I listened to these lectures, and long cold fingers seemed to poke about in my heart. I felt sick, disgusted and annoyed. Life never seemed to me very rich in joys. I regarded life merely as a duty which had grown into a habit with me. In fact, to speak truly, I never thought seriously of it at all. I lived on, that was all. And now comes this silly book and gives to my life an intolerably sad and disagreeable coloring!

"Then suffer, wish for something, strive after something, and you—you are a government functionary. Why? To what purpose? What meaning has it? It gives no pleasure to yourself and is of no use to any one. Why do you live?"

These questions stung and galled me. I could not fall asleep, and a man, you know, must sleep.

The heroes of the book stared out from its pages and queried:

"Why do you live?"

"It is not your concern," I was going to answer, but could not. A noisy whispering sounded in my ears. It seemed to me as if the waves of life's sea rocked my bed, lifted it up and carried it away with me into infinity. The remembrance of the past called forth a sort of sea-sickness in me. Upon my word of honor, I have never experienced such a restless night.

And now, sir, I ask you what good is such a book to anyone? It only disturbs us and deprives us of our sleep. A book must strengthen one's energy. If it throws needles in your bed, what can any one want with it? Such books ought to be put

out of the reach of the reading public. What people want are the pleasant things of life. The troubles they can well provide for themselves.

What was the upshot of it? you ask. All very simple. I rose next morning feeling as malignant as the devil, took the book to the book-binder and had it bound for me in strong, endurable covers. Now it stands in the lowest shelf of my book-case and whenever I am in a cheerful disposition, I gently tip it with the point of my shoe and ask:

"Well, have you accomplished anything? Eh?"

Another Crowned Head Lies Uneasy.

Our Gracious Sovereign, His Sacrosanct Majesty, King Capitalist, is not feeling well. The Imperial Physicians, Drs. Hanna and Morgan, have held a consultation. Among the nurses in attendance are Mitchell, Gompers and other Labor Leaders. Even the Chaplain has been sent for.

Lord Schwab ascribes the illness to the incompetency of organized domestics, nurses included, while the latter claim that the trouble is simply nervous dyspepsia induced by the abnormal appetite of their exalted patient. Neither old Dr. Carnegie's Free Library Dope nor Prof. Rockefeller's University Ointment have afforded perceptible relief. His Majesty's private chaplain believes that if his royal patron will lead a godly life and contribute liberally to the Detective Bureau of the Charitable Organization for the Execution of the Unworthy Poor, the life of His August Majesty may yet be spared for a long and happy reign. The Chaplain is also said to be under the impression that if Dog Banquets and like intellectual exercises in the royal palaces were conducted with less indecent pomp, it might help to secure for His Majesty a more permanent and tranquil period of sovereignty.

The nurses have had the temerity to suggest that the form of government be changed from the Absolute Monarchy of capitalistic ownership to a semi-constitutional system, affirming the Divine Right of the Owner Dynasty, but creating a House of Peers consisting of Labor Leaders to act as an advisory council to Our Lord the King. Up to the hour of going to press this Magna Charta has not been signed. As the proposed charter makes no provision for a House of Commons, the rest of us are to be as badly off as ever.

Speaking seriatim, we beg leave to suggest that the world-problem of the day cannot possibly be solved by any sort of agreement between "Capital" and "Labor." As long as capitalism is taken for granted, as long as state and church proceed upon the principle that there is such a thing as personal ownership for private gain, of earth or sky or water, or any other private and hereditary liens on the common wealth, and as long as the laborer can be induced or coerced to regard himself, his manhood or anything that is his, as mere marketable commodities, there can be no final adjustment of human relationships.

This, then, is the difference between the Old Monarch and the New:

The Old Monarch merely governed us, and, if he thought it well, he flogged us. But he always had the decency to say, if only as a matter of form, that he did it all for our good and that his chief concern was the welfare of his realm and of his subjects rather than his own pecuniary interests. "The Well-being of the Brother Folks" is still the motto of the Second Oscar. "Ich dien" is the condition upon which the Seventh Edward holds office.

The New Monarch does not profess to govern us; but, worse than that, he thinks he owns us. With delectable blasphemy he calls himself a Land-lord; he claims to own our soil, our coal, our highways, our oil, our bread. To go Deity one better, he does not only own "the cattle upon a thousand hills," but he owns the hills too. He has no power to flog us, though in the interests of his blessed and sacred Property he may sometimes have to shoot us; but, *Jure Divino*, he does have the power to starve us; and he feels under no obligation to pretend that he starves us for the good of anyone but Himself, Cash & Co.

Under these circumstances some of us are unable to see how the New Despotism, under which we are living, is much better than the Old Despotism which we have happily got rid of.

Clericus.

H. M. Hyndman.

AN INTERVIEW BY H. QUELCH.

I have known my comrade who forms the subject of this interview for a good many years, and it occurred to me not long ago that it would be of interest to discover the reasons that led him to espouse the cause of Socialism. With this object in view I paid him a visit in his quarters at Westminster. I am bound to admit that we spent a great part of the evening in talking over the past of the Social Democratic Federation—it is quite a history now—men and women we had known, "splits" we had seen together, difficulties and dangers we had faced, troubles we had outlived. Some day, I suppose, when we are all dead and gone, somebody who knows nothing about the matter will write it all down. Yet that ought not to be so either, for there is much that is dramatic and of genuine interest in the story of the Socialist movement in England, and our pamphlets and leaflets alone form a small library. However, at last we got to the object of my visit, and I commenced.

"Well, at this rate, I shall never begin my interview. Now, tell me, how did you become a Socialist?"

"Now, is that a reasonable question?" was the answer, as my temporary victim turned his arm-chair round and faced me. "Can any man tell exactly why he ever became anything? No one, as the Romans said, turns a thorough scoundrel all of a sudden, so certainly nobody joins the noble army of modern martyrs—and we Social-Democrats constitute that army—for reasons which he himself can exactly formulate. A man's life is all of a piece. The whole thing hangs together. I can't cut up my existence into periods, analyze each section separately, and label it like a caterpillar in a pill box. Autobiography is all humbug. From Augustine to Rousseau and John Stuart Mill to Marie Baskirtscheff it is all pretense and make-believe."

"I'm not going to be put off in that way. I have come here to learn how you became a Socialist, and if you won't tell me I shall get Shaw to give us an imaginary sketch of your development."

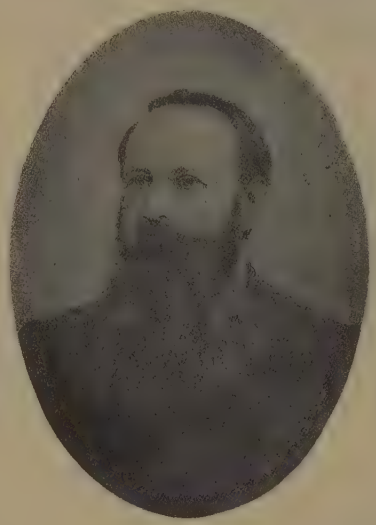
"What an awful threat! He'd like the job, I daresay. But you shall put any questions you will and I'll answer them freely and frankly; then perhaps others may be able to solve the riddle."

"Was there anything in your early growth or general education to make it probable that you would turn a Socialist writer and agitator at eight-and-thirty?"

"Nothing at all I should say. I had the ordinary education of a well-to-do boy and young man. I read mathematics hard until I went to Cambridge, where I ought, of course, to have read them harder, and then I gave them up altogether, and devoted myself to amusement and general literature."

"There wasn't much Socialism in that."

"No, there wasn't. You may go through a very complete course of ancient and modern literature, music, art, cricket, athletics, racing, rackets, wines, dinners, chapels five or six times a week—surely those will be counted to me for righteousness in the sweet by-and-bye—without getting within hail of Socialism; I can tell you that. Trinity or, for that matter, any other college, is practically a hot-bed of reaction from the social point of view. The young men regard all who are not technically 'gentlemen' as 'cads,'



just as the Athenians counted all who were not Greeks as barbarians."

"Was that your view of the case, too?"

"I dare say it was. I was neither better nor worse than the rest. But, now I come to think of it, I was a thorough-going Radical and Republican in those days—theoretically, of course. And I suppose I had some sort of intellectual go and life in me as an undergraduate, or my old friend George Meredith would have been bored to death when he came up to stay with me for ten days or a fortnight, and I don't think he was. Yes," added Hyndman, reflectively, "I have no doubt about it, I was, in those days, what you would call a philosophic Radical, with a great admiration for John Stuart Mill, and later, I remember, I regarded John Morley as the coming man. I imagine that now-a-days."

"Then, perhaps you were a bit of a prig yourself at that period?' Between ourselves, I thought this would rile him. It did.

"No, no! damn it! that won't do. A young man of twenty-one or twenty-two, who could play pretty well at every known game, could ride and run, and the rest of it, had wandered half over Europe by himself, and had no theological prejudices of any sort, couldn't be called a prig. But where are you getting to? We shall sit up all night at this rate."

"What was the first step that had any influence over you after you left Cambridge?"

"I think my acting as special correspondent for the "Pall Mall Gazette" in Italy during the war of 1866. I was an enthusiast for the unity of Italy, and this led to my being introduced to Mazzini on my return. Although I had read a good deal of political economy at Trinity, I should say that my first serious interest in social questions was due to my visits to the East End of London with an old friend, now dead, at the time when the shipping trade was leaving the Thames for the Tyne. What I saw then, compared with what I remembered of the condition of the people in Manchester and Stockport as a lad, coming at the same time as my acquaintance with Mazzini, which became very intimate, might perhaps be reckoned as the first inkling I obtained of unscientific Socialism. I soon saw and proclaimed that charity was quite useless as a remedy for distress, but I still believed in emigration, and an article I wrote in the 'Fortnightly' on Cavour about this time is in quite the old Radical bourgeois style."

"You knew Mazzini well, you say. Wasn't he a Socialist?"

"Not in our sense at all. He was a great man with noble ideals and a genuine love for the people, but he was not a Socialist, and he had little real grasp of the economic situation."

"But during these years the 'International' was at its height; didn't you know anything about it?"

"Nothing more than I read in the newspapers. I didn't understand its principles. I am inclined to think that my travels from 1869 to 1871 did more to open my eyes. At any rate, I became much more advanced in opinion."

"How was that?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I do know that I wrote the leaders in the Melbourne 'Argus' in favor of free education, in the crisis of the struggle in Victoria, and I recall even now with amusement and satisfaction that when staying with some friends at a ranch named Glenormiston,

in Victoria, I argued vehemently in favor of the resumption of the land from the 'squatters' or large landowners."

"You were in favor of the nationalization of the land?"

"Just so. But the funny part of the matter was that out of the fifteen people present, nearly all of whom were themselves 'squatters,' seven, including myself, were on my side before we went to bed. The following morning one of my opponents, a neighboring 'squatter' named Tommy Shaw, came down late when we were all seated at breakfast. The first words he said were, 'I have been thinking over what you said last night, Mr. Hyndman, and, on the whole, I agree with you that, if it can be proved to be to the advantage of the community, the state has the right to resume. . . .' He got no further. A roar burst from us all. I had a majority of one, and the minority laughingly declared that the sooner I was hustled out of the colony the better. That was three-and-twenty years ago, and the people of Victoria haven't taken back the land yet!"

"They are waiting for the Social-Democrats. Some of our Social-Democratic Federation men have been very active out there lately. But when did you get home?"

"I returned home by way of America, and got back in February, 1871, just in time to see the finish of the war, and the beginning of the Commune of Paris."

"Which side did you take in the Commune business?"

"Strange to say, seeing that I was not a Socialist at the time, the side of the Commune; I entirely agreed with Frederic Harrison's fine articles. I shouldn't remember this so well but for the circumstance that, shortly after its suppression, I was yachting with my old friend Henry Spicer in the 'Dione,' and we went to dinner with another yachtsman on board his vessel. He roundly abused Spicer afterward, the conversation having turned on the events in Paris, for 'bringing a red-hot Communist' to dine with him. So I suppose I was getting on."

"Did anything else influence you?"

"Several visits to the United States between 1871 and 1880 convinced me that mere Radical Republicanism had no good effect on the social question; while my hatred of the loathsome hypocrisy of capitalist Liberals (capitalist Tories are just as bad in practice, but they have not the slimy Tartufianism of the other vermin) drove me away from the party they owned. I was a Radical, but not of that foul brood."

"I can quite enter into that, and I have felt the same repulsion myself. It was one of the causes which led me to look closely into Socialism. I suppose you couldn't rest content with mere negations, however? It wasn't enough to destroy, you wanted some principles to build upon?"

"That is true enough. My studies in Indian history and finance, which I followed up unremittingly for six or seven years, threw a flood of light on my mind in regard to the capitalist system; and the strong line I took against Russia, in common with every Democrat in Europe, during the whole of the acute stage of the Eastern question, threw me into contact with extreme men and Socialists. A Tory I could not be, as all the old fetishes were manifestly played out; for the Liberals I had and have a contempt which I have never been at any pains to conceal."

"You think then your Indian studies led you into Socialism?"

"Scarcely that, but they prepared my mind to accept the true solution, and when, shortly before my last article on the 'Bankruptcy of India' appeared in the 'Nineteenth Century'—by the way my predictions on that subject are being fulfilled to the letter under our eyes—when I say, shortly before that, Butler-Johnstone gave me the French edition of Marx's 'Capital,' I saw at once that here was the groundwork of all my own unco-ordinated theories. From that time onward I was a Socialist, and, in 1880, I made up my mind I would do my utmost to organize a Social-Democratic party in this country. My paper on 'The Dawn of a Revolutionary Epoch' appeared as the first article in the number of the 'Nineteenth Century' for January, 1881. The foundation of the Social-Democratic Federation was begun in the same month."

"But all this doesn't tell me why you, who are not at all a man of the people, became a revolutionary Social-Democrat. Why did you rather than others of your class?"

"I can't explain that, but I will give you my own view. I am extremely sensitive to anything in the shape of physical degradation or ugliness. I would go a long way out of my way to avoid anything unpleasant, such as the sight of pain in men or animals. My liking for good dinners—I don't mean gluttony—good music, pleasant and refined surroundings, art, letters, brilliant conversation, and all that goes to form a really enjoyable and cultured life was (and in a sense is) so keen that long after I became a Socialist two of the smartest society women in London declared that I should never put up with the coarseness and vulgarity I should inevitably meet with in any honest endeavor to carry out my views, and that I should soon give it all up. Now, my belief is that it is precisely the hatred and disgust I feel for the misery, degradation and physical deterioration around me which had more influence in making and keeping me a Social-Democrat than anything else. I want everybody to have the appreciation for and the opportunity of enjoying all the things I most enjoy. I long to see the physical development of the mass of the people equal to that of our finest young athletes at Oxford or Cambridge, and the girls as well trained and as healthy as the best specimens of Newham or Girton. I know that this can only come with Socialism, whose advent I know also is, from economic causes, inevitable. Consequently, my wife—who, I am glad to say, is a better propagandist and as thorough-going a Socialist as I am—and myself made up our minds long ago to work through to the end. We have already been more successful than we could have imagined for a moment we should be at the start. What is thirteen years or so in the life of a nation? And what are the troubles we have ourselves gone through in comparison with the change of opinion we have helped to bring about?"

In this I could but acquiesce, and as I could think of no further question to ask, and as it was already late, I thanked our comrade for his interview and withdrew.

The Attorney General and the Tramp.

TRAMP.—I want to know who is to be defendant in my suit, for damages, to compensate me for what I have lost.

ATTY.-GEN.—What have you lost?

TRAMP.—I have lost my employer, sir. My employer is a very important man to me now, since the times have changed so, as I cannot employ myself. Who is the defendant?

ATTY.-GEN.—What happened to your employer?

TRAMP.—He was gobbled up by a trust, sir, and I want to know what the government is going to do about us industrial paupers whose employers are gobbled up. Who is the defendant?

ATTY.-GEN.—Look here, young man. The government itself is the honorable organization of all the gentlemen gobblers you complain of. And what are you going to do about it?

TRAMP.—Oh, well, if that's it, I'll "do" Socialism. Come along, 1904! P. E. B.

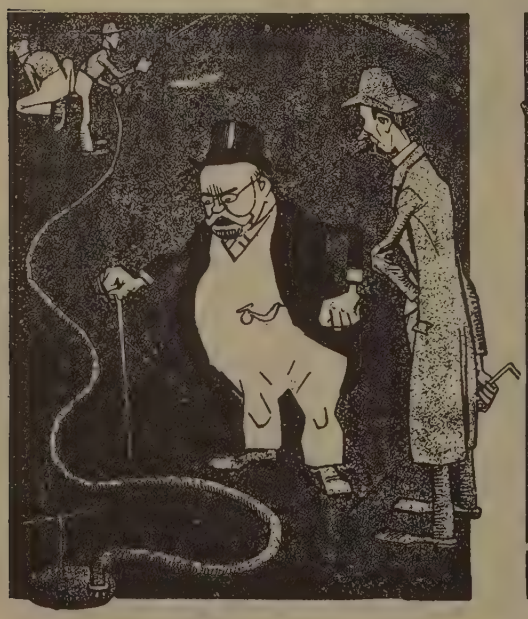
MR. MONEYLENDER.—"I never had a fur-coat in my life."

MR. MONEYBORROWER.—"That's strange because you have skinned so many people."

Meggendorfer's Humoristische Blätter.

A Remarkable Play.

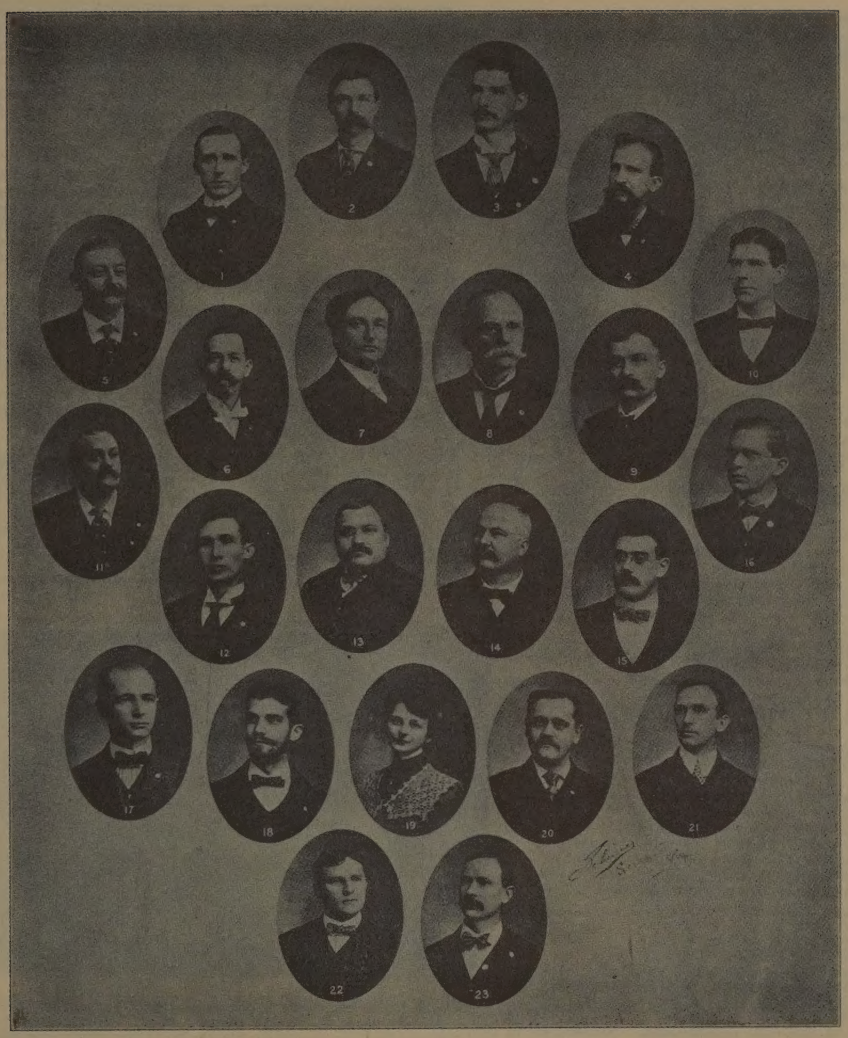
"Above the Powers of Human Strength" is the name of an unusually strong play by Bjorntjerne Bjornsen, the well-known Norwegian poet, novelist and dramatist. Everything about the play is original and interesting. It is divided in two parts, to be played on two successive evenings, and—says Dora B. Montefiore in the "Social Democrat (London)—"both parts deal with the life of the people, but the second, more especially, with the struggle of the workmen against their employers for justice and for ordinary human treatment. The realism introduced is poignant and convincing to a point that one involuntarily shrinks back at certain situations, and asks oneself if one has the right to sit as one among an audience to whom these revealed miseries come more as a piquant curiosity than as a throbbing ache. The contrast of the thin-chested, hollow-eyed hunger-crushed workmen introduced as a deputation from the strike into the sumptuously-furnished study of their employer, who, master of the situation, answers briefly and cynically, whilst he leisurely smokes his cigar, and, with the biting insolence of one who feels he holds in his hand all the trump cards, gibes and flouts the half-desperate wretches, is painfully full of force. But this is only an introduction to a far more strenuous demand on the nerves and the sympathies of the audience. Maddened by weeks of slow hunger, and with a brain exalted by a mysticism, half religious, half revolutionary, a poor woman in the village has killed herself and her two children, saying to those who spoke for the last time with her, 'Something dreadful must happen in order that attention should be called to their pitiful position, and that the public conscience might be aroused.' The martyr spirit is ever contagious, and a young man of means and position, Elie Sang, who has come under the influence of an ex-pastor, now turned labor leader, named Bratt, after giving away his fortune to keep the strike going, determines that the sacrifice of the young mother and children shall not be unfruitful, and that his life also shall be given in the cause of the people's struggle for freedom. In a marvellous parting scene with his sister, who forsees disaster, he sets forth his belief that all life must have its roots in death, that Christianity only took a living hold on men's hearts because its reputed founder died for his faith; that in nature the same law holds, and that out of death and destruction blossom life and health. He takes advantage of a gathering of capitalists at Holger's castle, which stands on a hill overlooking the village, to undermine the rooms where the meeting of employers is to be held, and, disguised as a servant, he, by locking the doors and throwing the key into the river, prevents all means of exit to the trapped and fear-maddened capitalists, whilst he perishes with them in a culminating horror of destruction, noise and smoke. The various ways in which the doomed men meet their fate is depicted with all the genius of the northern realist, showing us those same men, who an hour before had been almost facetiously clinching tighter the iron screws of supply and demand of labor, in order to rivet firmer the fetters of their economic slaves, now losing, when face to face with a swift but merciful death, all human dignity and self-control; one moment turning on their host Holger, the next, hunting each other down like wild beasts; some in their desperation offering prayers, others bribes of gold in exchange for their worthless lives; one in abject, uncontrollable terror jumping from the balcony of the locked room, and thus meeting his fate a few moments before the others. One could not help contrasting the naked, ungovernable fear in the moment of supreme peril of the men nurtured in luxury and ease with the fatalistic, calm self-sacrifice of the miner and of the day laborer when the hour of danger, which in the very nature of their work ever threatens, becomes a terrible reality."



"Yes, sir! These Socialists must be suppressed! We must crush the serpent."

———???!!!

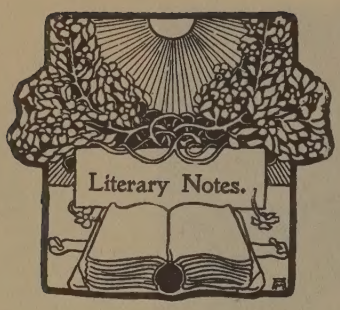
Das lachende Jahrhundert.



Socialists Who Attended the Convention of the American Federation of Labor.

Scranton, December, 1901.

1. William Mailly, New York.
2. George Smith, Pittsburg, Kas. (Industrial Council.)
3. Frank W. Wall, Kansas City, Kas. (Industrial Council.)
4. Ernest A. Weier, Cincinnati, O. (Central Labor Union.)
5. Ernest Bohm, New York. (United Brewery Workers.)
6. J. W. Slayton, New Castle, Pa. (United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.)
7. Ben Tillett, London, England. (British Trades Union Congress.)
8. Isaac Cowen, Cleveland, O. (General Organizer of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.)
9. Fred. Brockhausen, Milwaukee, Wis.
10. J. Mahlon Barnes, Philadelphia, Pa. (International Cigarmakers' Union.)
11. August Priesterbach, Sti Louis, Mo. (United Brewery Workers.)
12. George Wende, Erie, Pa. (Central Labor Union.)
13. J. P. Weigel, Trenton, N. J. (United Brewery Workers.)
14. Elmer Smoyer, Lehighton, Pa. (Federal Labor Union.)
15. Gabriel Joseph, Philadelphia, Pa. (United Labor League.)
16. Nicholas P. Geiger, Dayton, O. (Central Labor Union.)
17. Max S. Hayes, Cleveland, O. (Central Labor Union.)
18. Henry John Nelson, Philadelphia, Pa. (North American.)
19. Mrs. Max Hayes, Cleveland, O.
20. Chas. A. Gebelein, St. Louis, Mo. (Amalgamated Wood Workers.)
21. J. W. Croke, Marion, Ind. (American Flint Glass Workers.)
22. William M. Brandt, St. Louis, Mo. (Central Trades and Labor Council.)
23. Charles Nicholas, Wilwaukee, Wis. (United Brewery Workers.)



The interview with H. M. Hyndman, the veteran English Socialist, which appears on another page, is reprinted from a little book recently issued by the Twentieth Century Press, London, Eng., under the title "How I Became a Socialist." The book consists of a series of biographical sketches and interviews with well-known English Socialists and forms a valuable addition to the literature of the Socialist movement. Our comrade Quelch writes not only of Hyndman and himself, but also of E. Belfort Bax and J. E. Williams, the latter being a sturdy proletaire and one of the most rugged and unique figures in the British Socialist movement. For the rest the book is made up of autobiographical sketches, each being illustrated with a portrait. Among the most interesting of the autobiographical sketches are those of Walter Crane, J. Hunter Watts, Robert Blatchford ("Nunquam") and H. W. Lee, who facetiously says that as the editor would not interview him he had to split himself in two and let one-half interview the other!

* * *

There is in the account of Blatchford's conversion to Socialism much to encourage the quiet worker, who, all unknown, is doing his best to make converts to Socialism. "Nunquam" had written for a Manchester paper upon some social problem, when a workingman of that city wrote to say that the only remedy was Socialism—a view which the journalist derided and condemned. Then a Liverpool workingman wrote and told "Nunquam" that he was an "ass" and knew nothing whatever of the subject, and, strange to say, it was that rebuke which led him to study the question, his first introduction to Socialist literature being the "Summary of the Principles of Socialism," by Hyndman and William Morris.

* * *

Apropos of the attempt of Assemblyman John F. Ahearn of Troy, N. Y., to introduce a state censorship of the drama, it is worthy of note that because of certain "advanced" ideas contained therein the French government censors have refused to license the new play of M. Brieux, "L'Avarie." Speaking of legislation designed to prevent the spread of tuberculosis, M. Brieux has the following, which applies to U. S. legislators equally with those of France. "Members of Parliament will not look at things from a common-sense point of view. Think of tuberculosis—they know that the true remedy would be to pay good wages—wages on which men could live—and to pull down insanitary houses which are overcrowded by those who work. But they do not do it. Instead of that, they advise workingmen not to spit on the floor!"

* * *

Between the "censorship" of our postal authorities and that of various Free Library officials throughout the country, we seem to have enough "Russification" of our institutions without Mr. Ahearn's help.

The A. K. Smilley Library, of Redlands, Cal., is a public institution, but apparently there is a strict censorship exercised by the Library Board to prevent the admission of Socialist literature. A recent decision of that body excludes *The International Socialist Review* and *The Comrade* from the reading room. A similar decision regarding *The Comrade* has been reached by the authorities of the Jos. Mann Public Library of Two Rivers, Wisconsin. In both instances, it appears, the libraries were wholly or in part "gifts" to the public, but it is apparent that public interests are not considered paramount by the management. S.

* * *

"Even my passage through Bohemia had not been without its fruit. It is to that assuredly that I must ascribe any tolerance and charity that I have been able to show toward those who fall by the wayside, any sympathy that I have extended to the poor and suffering in my writings. I had lived among them. I knew the meaning of the word "want," and the germs of rebellion against a most cruel and most iniquitous social system were already in me. Time and circumstances afterward allowed me to expose and denounce that system, bit by bit, in many books; for when all is said, my works are undoubtedly a denunciation of a civilization reared upon superstition and tyranny. . . . As I have often pointed out, I am not a politician. I am a literary man; and if political and social questions figure at times very largely in my books, it is because I have been struck, as a mere observer, by much of the injustice and degradation of the times, and because I long as a man for the advent of more equity and happiness among my fellow-beings."—Emile Zola, Autobiographical Sketch in the "Bookman," December, 1901.

The new Comrade leaflet "A Dialogue between the Machine Gun and the Mauser," reprinted from the January issue, is very much in demand. It is appropriately illustrated and is bound to do a great amount of good, if widely distributed. A bundle of 50 copies will be mailed upon receipt of a dime.

Those of our readers who are admirers of Tolstoy will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that copies of the strong and characteristic picture of the great Russian, reproduced in this issue, may be had at the office of "The Comrade" at 15 cents per copy. We have furthermore for sale excellent pictures of Liebknecht, Bebel and Gorki at 10 cents per copy.

Every friend and subscriber of "The Comrade" should always have on hand a few of our Postal Subscription Cards. Five yearly cards cost $3.00, five half-yearlies $1.75. We send them out on credit. Send us your order for a few of these cards.

"Hope deferred makes the heart sick," but evidently it does not subdue British jingoes, as the recent brutal assaults upon Mr. Lloyd George, M. P., and others prove. Our illustration shows a well-known English Socialist, Mr. J. J. Kidd, whose windows have been a target for his jingoistic neighbors. Mr. Kidd takes an active part in public affairs and is the only socialist member of the Board of poor law guardians for his City. Like most English Socialists, he has suffered on account of his opposition to the war of brigandage in S. Africa.

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Publishers' Announcements.

Our next issue will be specially designed to commemorate the thirty-first anniversary of the Paris Commune of 1871, an event which will be celebrated by Socialists all over the world. There will be a special illustrated article on the Commue itself and another, also illustrated, on the Historians of the Commune. Then we shall also publish a magnificent cartoon by our good friend and comrade Walter Crane, the distinguished artist, to whom we are again indebted for the beautiful title piece on the front page of the present issue.

Fiction will also be a strong feature of our March issue. In addition to liberal instalments of our two serials, there will be two very interesting sketches, one by Miss Amy Wellington and the other by William Mailly, the quality of whose work is well known to most of our readers.

Poetry, as usual, will be a strong feature. We think that, without boasting, we may claim that up to the present we have published some remarkable poems, and we are confident that our next issue will more than sustain our reputation in that respect. Mr. Paul Shivell has contributed a striking poem of exceptional beauty, which will, we have no doubt, add to his already enviable reputation as a poet of the Comrade-spirit and, in connection with the concluding portion of the article on Freiligrath, there will be a fine translation by Ernest Jones, the great Chartist leader, of Freiligrath's masterpiece, "The Revolution" which is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent revolutionary poems in any language.

Our "Comrade Leaflets" are having a very gratifying sale and it is evident that they meet a long-felt want. From time to time articles, suitable for propaganda, will be reprinted from "The Comrade" in form similar to "The Worker with the Capitalist Mind."

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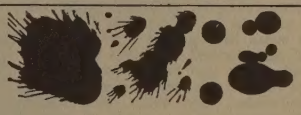

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A Voice from Siberia.

The following is taken from a private letter of a Siberian exile to a friend residing in this country. The letter is dated September 23, 1901, and was sent from Vekhoyansk, one of the remotest and most dreary places of Siberian exile. "A great calamity has befallen our little colony of exiles: On the 15th of this month Paul Shvetsov, a nineteen year old youth, put an end to his life by shooting himself. He was born in 1882 of poor parents. His father was working in a railroad yard. The boy did not get much schooling and at the age of 12 was sent to a workshop to learn his father's trade. What he saw around him from the earliest childhood was poverty, injustice and oppression. A Russian school, instead of trying to develop the pupils' minds, does everything to stifle normal development. The impressions in the shop were certainly not of the pleasantest. When fourteen years old the boy happened to read an account of the riot of 1881 when Alexander II was killed. This fired his imagination and in his childish mind he decided that the Czar is the cause of all the sufferings of the millions of Russian people and that he ought to be assassinated not only to eliminate the cause of the evil but also out of revenge. The boy did not stop there, but, having supplied himself with an old revolver which certainly would prove useless for his purpose, went to St. Petersburg, where he immediately began to inquire of the whereabouts of the Czar. He made his inquiries right and left without any caution, even of policemen. What else could be expected of a mere child? Having found out that the Czar lived in Czarscoye Selo (a suburban residence) he went down several times to the square where the Czar used to take his daily walks, and was arrested there, for spies had kept watch over him ever since he began his inquiries. In jail he was subjected to the severest cross-examinations of which he could not think without a terror in later years. After the preliminary trial the boy was placed in an insane asylum in St. Petersburg, and the doctors of the institution were ordered to declare the boy hopelessly insane. There the boy was kept for three years. Finally even the conscience of the servile doctors was smitten by the sight of a boy in full possession of his mental faculties locked up in a bedlam. They sent him to an asylum in the town of Pevsa, the doctor of which was privately made to understand that the diagnosis of the doctors of the famous St. Petersburg asylum was to be disregarded, and the boy was declared to be of a sound mind.

One could expect that his trials would end there and then, but the Russian government does not release its victims so easily from its clutches, and the boy, who had meanwhile grown to a youth of seventeen, was exiled for five years to Verkhoyansk. Verkhoyansk is a little village inhabited by about 200 semi-barbarous yakouts, about a score of almost as wild cossacks and about two dozen exiles almost twice his age, aged by the intolerable moral and physical sufferings which they have to undergo in that remote part of the world, where complete darkness reigns for forty days in midwinter, torn away from friends and family surroundings, cut off from the world, where it takes months before any tidings from the outer world will reach one. The boy used to say that he would much rather go back to the insane asylum than to remain in that place. And he finally put an end to his short life, full of so much undeserved suffering."

BE CAREFUL in selecting your propaganda literature. Use only such leaflets as are bound to attract attention. We have reprinted from our October issue Herbert N. Casson's article "The Worker with the Capitalist Mind", illustrated by 4 Silhouettes and shall send you 100 of these leaflets on receipt of 10 cents in one cent stamps. Address: "The Comrade", 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

Once upon a time there was a good Fairy who possessed a large number of sticks, which were exceedingly useful. But this Fairy observed that they were easily broken or lost. So she gathered them in a bundle and bound them with the bond of self protection. "There!" she said, "In union there is strength." But one day a Brownie made an axe. "It will be useful to clear the path," thought he. And, behold, one night while the Brownie was sleeping, a cunning Imp stole the axe, and going to the bundle of sticks, with a few strokes he severed the bond easily (for it was weak and narrow) and they fell apart. "Now," chuckled he. "will I use them at my pleasure," which he did and does yet. And when one of the sticks is old, weak or crooked, he throws it away "For there are plenty more," says he. And the name of the good fairy is Necessity. The bundle of sticks is Labor. The Brownie is the Spirit of Progress. The Axe is Labor-saving Machinery and the name of the cunning Imp is Capitalism. Do not worry, ye feeble and crooked sticks. The Good Fairy is slowly making another bond. It is called the bond of International Co-operation, and as it will be too strong for the Imp to cut, he will be glad to surrender the Axe to its rightful owner, Labor. W. B.

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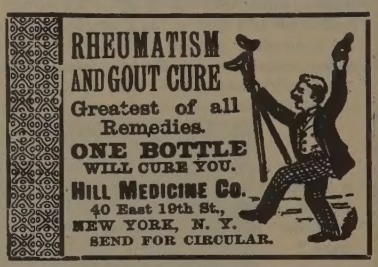
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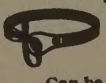
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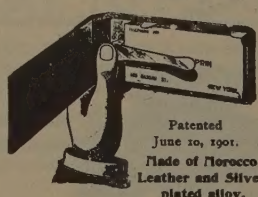
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